TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The past week has been marked by murders and murder trials which seem to suggest that though the Province of Ontario has a criminal wave sweeping over it, we are managing pretty well to keep up with the criminals. We have several necktie socials about to come off and if the monster who killed the little girls at Cumberland is convicted it would almost seem that a new punishment, something more horrible and lasting than hanging, should be devised. Our French-Canadian fellow man and brother is just now looming up in Quebec and our Eastern townships as quite handy at assassination in spite of the religious character of his early training. We may rest assured that no sort of early training will ever remove the human tendency which in Cain caused the death of Abel. I think, however, the trials and crimes which have "enlivened" our daily papers for the past week are about as horrible an assortment as could be conceived, beginning with the conviction of Day, the wife murderer, conspiracies against husbands, an unnatural relation between a brother and sister, an awful killing of two innocent little girls, the evidence of father against daughter, and—in fact nothing was left out which could make the chapter any blacker. Several suicides amidst the gloomiest surroundings stand out in the foreground, and, altogether, we have a record which is, thank heaven, but seldom made. The alacrity with which justice has been meted out to the detected criminals is one encouraging feature. Certainly this crime wave will be a deterrent, if it is possible to frighten those who have assassination in their heart, from risking the fearful danger of detection. The fact that nearly all the most recent horrors have been proven, or are alleged to be the work of French-Canadian Catholics trained from infancy in the church, should have deterred Bishop Dowling of Hamilton from alleging, at Brantford, that Birchall's crime was the result of an irreligious education. His Lordship is a good and talented man, but he should not invite comparison just now, at least.

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There is no better evidence of the awakening of the nationalism of the Canadians than the recent observance of the anniversary of the battle of Queenston Heights in our city schools. Nothing saved the republic of the United States when the crisis came but the patriotism which had been taught the youth of the country by the reading of the Declaration of Independence in the schools and at Fourth of July celebrations. The Yankees proper are not fighters. The majority of them went to the war either because they had to or with a big bounty in their pocket, and of the slain many thousands were foreigners who did not care a cent whether the Union survived the conflict or not. So many people, however, had been imbued in the schools with the spirit of the fathers of their country, that their ardent patriotism swept before it the cool and the calculating ones, and the pride which had been fostered by writers and orators, shamed into action those who would rather have seen the country divided than shoulder a musket. The Yankees in time of peace had made most effective use of their history. All that was glorious in it had been made the first lesson in their schools, the foundation of their resolutions, the first principle of their orations. We as Canadians have sadly neglected this phase of national education. Now it is being forced upon us and now, like the hosts of old, we are called upon to say "whom we shall serve." The answer comes in such ringing accents that even our neighbors, always credulous when told that we are anxious to join them, cannot mistake its meaning. There are so many classes in Canada firmly attached to that portion of history which is our glory, so opposed to that portion in which the United States takes such great pride, that our patriotic man would have to be made over again before he could be persuaded to accept a place amongst a people who would always consider us a shamed and vanquished race. This alone makes a union of the two peoples absolutely impossible.

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There is a growing belief, a belief which has gained credence since the rupture between Blaine and McKinley has grown more apparent, that the Plumed Knight will spare no expense to bring Canada into the line of unrestricted reciprocity before the presidential election of 1892. If a cabal exists between certain statesmen at Washington and certain Liberal politicians in Canada, to bring this about, it will be easy to raise two or three million dollars of Yankee money to spend in Canada to carry the Liberals into power. American manufacturers alone, without caring a cent about politics, could be got to subscribe this amount, but as Colonel Denison forcibly remarked at the Sons of England dinner, that while sufficient money could be raised to buy Canada and sufficient people might be persuaded to sell her they could never deliver the goods. The McKinley Bill can't hurt us this winter. Two years from now I don't believe it will be in existence, and while it lasts, with plenty of warning, it should not be difficult for us to escape serious injury. All the injury that it does will be but temporary and the good which will come to us will be lasting.

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The city and country are indebted to Mr. Barlow Cumberland and the National Club for a series of entertainments, the main feature of which will be patriotic addresses by eminent Canadians. The first of these last Monday evening, when the Rev. Principal Grant spoke of our national position and aims, was a decided success. The eloquent speaker manifested his belief in Imperial Federation by advising us to look to London instead of to Washington. He did not see why we should not ask Britain to discriminate in our favor against all nations refusing us reasonable reciprocity. Much he said with regard to our domestic problems was true and timely, though he seemed unable to show us how, at the present moment, to fraternize with the French-Canadians, or to unite with them in national endeavor. He thought Canadians sadly needed a Tolstoi or a Cable to picture the French-Canadians to us. Perhaps so. What they need is an able and honest leader to picture themselves to themselves and to lead them out of the ditch of their contented ignorance. It is a hard thing to speak truthfully of the *habitant*. His little narrow life is so contented that ignorance seems to be bliss and those who would make him wise are painted as vicious agitators and godless malcontents. Speakers and writers who take the roseate view of Jean Baptiste seem to forget that if this sort of life were preferable to a broader and more complete civilization the leaders, political and social, the writers, religious and secular, who have raised the ideal of the dominant races in both the old and new worlds, have sinned against both God and man.

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Not only are the French-Canadians not progressing in material affairs, but as they grow poorer, the church is constantly adding to their burden. Usually we find the ecclesiastic tempering the wind to the shorn lamb sufficiently to prevent revolt, but now that a tithe is to be collected on hay just as the McKinley Bill makes it almost impossible to successfully grow that article for export, I would imagine that Jean Baptiste will not be very well contented. At the same moment a quarrel in Montreal is assuming considerable proportions between the monarchists who desire to give a public reception to the Comte de Paris and the republicans who insist that nothing of the kind shall be done. All Lower Canada needs is a fight between the French republicans, with their modern ideas, their dislike of church domination and their progressive spirit, and the monarchists, a term which includes the clericals and reactionaries of all sorts in Canada as well as in France. The great Canadian problem would be solved if these people, who are as unlike one another as oil and water, were to proceed to fight it out amongst themselves. There are more differences and wider ones between French Quebec and Republican France than there are between the ordinary Frenchman and an English speaking Canadian. If our politicians could only import a hundred thousand good lively French republicans and settle them in Quebec, we would have no more trouble with Jean Baptiste. At present both classes are held tightly together by their fear of the Orangemen and Englishmen of the other provinces. If left to themselves it may take many years for them to develop their natural antagonism, but if we had a strong government able to sit on the French-Canadian and keep him in the same path with English-speaking citizens for five or ten years, the natural divisions would take place and be embittered by the accusation of the republicans that the clerical party by their overbearing attitude and insatiable greed, had brought this calamity upon the French race in Canada. I think English speaking people generally believe with me that just such conduct has made the French-Canadians deserve a period of proper repression, and if they were divided by party lines the *habitant* would soon find himself wandering up Queer street in search of new friends.

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A despatch from Pittsburgh, Pa., tells us that the revision committee of the Presbyterian church has adjourned to meet at Washington in February. It also contains the pleasing intelligence that "Section one has been so revised that it does not seem to make God the author of sin." The last clause of section three has been omitted which says that "others were fore-ordained to everlasting death," and section four, reading thus, was also left out: "These men and angels thus predestinated and fore-ordained are particularly and unchangeably designed and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished." Yet the principle of fore-ordination was not attacked in any way, which leads us to believe that the doctrine, while shorn of a definition of its logical horrors, which must always be a part of it as long as it exists, is still to remain a portion of the creed. There is a struggle to eliminate the first clause of the third section, which reads: "Man by his fall into a state of sin hath wholly lost all ability of will to any spiritual good accompanying salvation," and it was shown that the majority desires the revision to declare that man is not entirely incapable of doing anything towards his salvation. These points are of interest, though a revision at the present time will scarcely benefit the millions who refused to accept the old doctrine, and have been kept out of the church because of it. The majority of them have already exploited the Hereafter and know whether the old meaning was correct or not. If by losing the sacred ministrations of the church they have been driven from heaven and consigned to the other place, a heavy burden of guilt will rest on those who presumed to define and limit God's purpose and mercy and the curses which rest on "those who add to the Book" will be added unto them. It sickens me to see these theologians, who feel that the old Confession of Faith was wrong, shivering on the brink and afraid to drop a creed of any kind and rely on the Bible alone, which is said by one of its inspired writers to be sufficient for "doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." The mistake of their forefathers in insisting on an addition to the spiritual law seems not to have had full effect. They are simply trying to dodge the question and leave it still open, whether God is the author of sin or not, whether He really counted up on the tablets of eternity the number of men, women and children whom He intended to save and the number He intended to damn, or whether in His own mind He left it an open question as to the number but arranged the method, and that method will still continue to be the one which the Confession of Faith has hitherto held to be definite and unchangeable, namely, that so many were to be saved and so many were to be damned and they could not prevent it either way. We are told that chapter ten relating to the salvation of infants and idiots was considered for a short time, but action was deferred. So meantime the infants and idiots will have to take chances. Hitherto unbaptized infants have had no chance except for hell according to the creed. I hope they will treat idiots as decently as our government treats them and shelter them and not send the poor fellows to the hot place, where they won't have sense enough to know where they are, though they will be as well-informed as any of the non-elect as to why they were sent there. I am glad I don't belong to the revision committee. I should hate to assume the responsibilities which they apparently consider to be their share of helping the Almighty to attend to the future of those who are unfortunate enough to be born and can't help dying.

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The convention of the Association for the Advancement of Women, which, during the past week, brought to our city a gathering conspicuous for its ability and high aims, is doing a good work. There are those that believe that politicians, clergymen, business men, manufacturers, mechanics, railroaders, stevedores and everybody else but womankind have a right to organize. It seems to me, however, that the organization of women for the advancement of their sex and the uplifting of their social life is one of the most meritorious proceedings resulting from the impulse of the century to become better than we were or are. It was no enfranchisement caucus, but a convention of the brightest, brainiest women of the continent to consider what is best for themselves and their sisters. Their name is a good hint to mankind generally and the press particularly—they do not call themselves an association for the advancement of "ladies," or an organization whereby all women may become ladies. I like to see that good, old-fashioned word "woman." I would like to see the women of this country have a vote. If they could deposit more fool ballots than some of the men who have been enfranchized for a quarter of a century, they would have to rise early and sit up late. The enfranchisement of women, it is said, would cause discord in the home. There are a great many homes that need a little more discord if it be made by the wife instead of the husband. Discord is a first rate thing if it means any thing more than an ebullition of bad temper. If discord is introduced into music occasionally to accentuate the harmony so it might properly enter into the family and banish the motto too often accepted by the woman "Let us have peace at any price." May God speed the association for the advancement of women. Every mile that womankind advances up the mountain of life's difficulties will put the next generation ten miles nearer the top. As in Masonry and other secret orders, they might have an advanced degree and call it an Organization for the Suppression of the Male Egotist, with a final and crowning rite—a uniformed rank, as it were—to be styled a Society for the Extermination of the He Hog.

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The despatches from Montreal have related in painful detail the double life led by a French-Canadian clergyman of that city, who is described as a brilliant preacher and exceptionally clever literary man. Of course, when we see a thing of this kind in the daily newspapers we know that it is sensational and that "double life" means an affair with some woman not the wife of the man concerned. It goes without saying that the social sin of this man is a serious one and should debar him from spiritual ministrations. Yet it seems to me that the meaning of this "double life" is narrowed often to this one offence, and the whole weight of public indignation is reserved for the man who commits this sin. It is not necessary to palliate the offence in order to prove that duplicity of life neither has its origin or its ending here. Quietly perhaps, infrequently, I am sure, other forms of a double life are visited by public indignation, but it is worth while examining what we know of those who hold high station religiously and otherwise as to whether it is not the public habit to make this the unpardonable sin and let faults of equal gravity, and duplicity, which wreck more happiness, go unrebuked. We demand in a general way of clergymen a purer and better life than we perhaps live ourselves, and yet our insistence is with regard to public offences while we wink at the known shortcomings which do not bring scandal to the church in which we rent a pew. I presume there are few who have not noticed a tendency if not well-defined guilt in the matter of a double life in some of those we accept as leaders. We have known sweet-voiced and smiling people who, in church and society, are models of the meek and lowly Christian, who at home are naggers and tyrants. Those who preach and pray in accents of undiluted loving kindness on the housetops, often inflict heart bruises and mental torments in the privacy of their homes. There are those who preach benevolence, both in and out of churches, and practice extortion; those who pray in meekness and, like Quilp, pinch in passion, those who give to the "cause" and starve their families, those who smile in the synagogue and scowl at the dinner table. These are all double lives. These examples, I contend, are as pernicious as that of the man of unsanctified amours. They destroy the faith of mankind in the goodness of people and the poison works every day, while the scandal comes with its shock but seldom. Double lives, indeed! Not a hundredth per cent. of the duplicity and persistent sin of mankind are written under such headings as were given to the offence of the miserable man who wrecked his life in Montreal.

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During the administration of President Grant the most serious scandal which was urged against him or his ministers was that which involved Secretary Belknap in the corrupt sale of a trader's privilege at Fort Sill. It was un mistakably proven that money had been received by him or some one very near him for the privilege of robbing those who did business at that trading post. The money was paid quarterly and Belknap only escaped conviction by so arranging his resignation that the court which tried him failed in its jurisdiction. At that time, and since, the opinion was largely prevalent that Mrs. Belknap was the sinner, but the ex-Secretary bore in silence his disgraceful exit from public life. Afterwards, when it was proved that she was guilty of forging his name

ROSINA VOKES.

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and carrying on these intrigues by virtue of his office, public sentiment rewarded him for what he had suffered by comforting him as well as it could comfort any disgraced man, and, when the other day he died in his office, where he was lodging during the absence of his family, a great wave of pity was felt for him all over this continent. His wife, carried away by the frivolity and extravagance of the capital, apparently forgot that she was the custodian of the honor of a public man when she added to her opportunities for display by a conspiracy not only against her country but the reputation of her own husband. We often hear of wives who suffer wrong uncomplainingly and we admire them; such uncomplaining sacrifice adds a lustre to the virtues which distinguish their sex. When, however, a man, whose very life is in the approbation of the people, in the honor of his position, is ruined by his wife, most miserable must he be, no matter which horn of the dilemma he chooses. If he exonerates himself he must disgrace her whose first duty it must be of every man to protect, and even if he succeeds in officially clearing himself he must remain open to the jeers of those who, for party or even more contemptible reasons, refuse to believe that he has not made the partner of his life the scape-goat of his sins. Indeed, every chivalrous impulse of the people would revolt against such a proceeding, even if they accepted the true explanation. On the other hand, when such a man uncomplainingly accepts the infamy of his position, he is disgraced and dismissed from public life. The partial justification which has come so late to ex Secretary Belknapp, the sorrow which has been expressed for his wrecked life, proves that the braver and more chivalrous course was the better one—that it is better to suffer in silence than to be justified by an unmanly defence. DON.

Social and Personal.

Miss Strange of Kingston is again at Government House with Miss Campbell.

Mr. Cockburn of Sherbourne street entertained a number of his friends at dinner on Monday evening. The dinner was given in honor of Sir Adolphe Caron who was prevented from visiting Toronto by a family bereavement.

Mrs. Bickford of Gore Vale entertained a large company at a dance on Wednesday evening.

The re-union at the National Club on Monday evening was well attended. Principal Grant made a stirring address in truly patriotic style. Mr. and Mrs. Barlow Cumberland received the guests. Among those present were: Provost and Mrs. Body, Dr. and Mrs. Rand, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander, Dr. and Mrs. Hall, Rev. D. J. and Mrs. Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. Robert McClain, Mr. Alexander Nairn and Mrs. Nairn, the Misses Michie, Mr. and Mrs. James Bain, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Lee, R.W. Spence, Rev. G. M. and Mrs. Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Neville, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Carter, Mrs. Claflen, Mrs. Manley, Mr. and Mrs. Allison H. Sims, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Copp, Mr. and Mrs. John Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. David Creighton, Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. John Kay, Mr. and Mrs. R. Millichamp, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Warren, Mrs. Ure, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, the Misses Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. H. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. John Akers, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Rutherford, and Messrs. J. S. Macintosh, Hugh Blain, Andrew Darling, J. L. Hughes, G. W. Grote, G. M. Rose, E. A. Toshack, J. A. McPherson, J. Gibson, F. Michie, J. Harris, M. McPherson, John Muldrew, T. G. Brough, F. Geddes, John Leys, W. A. Childs, W. Knox, M. McLaughlin, W. Hawke, A. Cox, E. C. Boeckh, J. Threlkeld, O. A. Howland, C. P. Archbold, Thomas Flynn, G. B. Smith, M.P.P., and Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. McKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Cooper.

The Misses Emily and Eleanor Forbes left for their home in Springfield, Mass., on Monday evening, after a most delightful five weeks' visit to their aunt, Mrs. L. J. Cosgrave. A number of young friends saw them off.

Miss Woodbridge is now on a visit to the United States and will be away for about two months.

Kent Lodge, Sons of England, held their third annual anniversary dinner last Thursday evening week, and it was the most largely attended affair of the kind held so far this season.

On Tuesday morning last about 6 a.m. a large riding party of ladies and gentlemen started from the corner of Jarvis and Wellesley streets for a gallop over the country. The morning was very fine, notwithstanding the state of the roads after the heavy rain the previous night and all enjoyed themselves and lead a "splashing time"—amongst the party were: Miss King, Miss Taylor, the Misses Thompson, Miss West, Mr. and Miss Woodbridge, Mr. and Miss Treble, Mr. Mason, Mr. McLean and Mr. Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Foster have returned from this wedding trip to the west. Mrs. Foster will be at home at 56 Bismark avenue on Tuesdays.

Mrs. R. G. W. Conolly, late of Henry street, and who is now living in Dunnville, is staying with Mrs. J. W. Beatty of Huron street.

The Misses Amy and Naomi Hope of Henry street, have returned from Dunnville, where they have been on a visit to Mrs. Conolly.

The opening meeting of the University of Toronto Medical Society was held in the Biological Building, Queen's Park, last evening. The programme consisted of an address and presentation of medal to Dr. W. C. Morrison by W. T. Aikins, M.D., LL.D.; Medical Paris, by R. Ramsay Wright, M.A., B.Sc.; Medical Notes of My Trip to Europe, by J. H. Cameron, M.B.; Our Profession, by J. Ferguson, M. A. M. D.; and musical selections by the students.

Saturday last was a dull day for the Hunt races, but the enthusiasm of those present supplied in part what the day denied and the meet was good after all. Among those present I noticed Dr. and Mrs. Moorhouse, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred and Miss Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Dr. and Mrs. Hall, Miss Covernton, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. W. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Lee, the Misses Lee, Hon. Frank and Miss Smith, Mr. J. J. Foy and Mrs. Gus Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rutherford, the Misses Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald and Miss Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. James Carruthers, Col. Otter, Capt. and Mrs. Fred Manley, Capt. Mutton, Mr. A. B. Lee, Mr. and Miss Spratt, Major Harrison, Mr. Cecil and Mrs. Lee, Mr. T. G. Blackstock, Major Vidal, Mr. J. H. Laurie, Mr. Vaux Chadwick, Capt. McGee, Dr. Cæsar, Dr. O'Reilly, Dr. Macdonald, Dr. Baynes, Dr. Lesslie, Dr. Strange, Mr. Geddes of Edinburgh, Scotland, J. A. Donaldson, John Earls, Mrs. Joseph and Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. John Akers, Capt. Weatherstone, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Alexander Patterson, Capt. Morrow, Mr. John Massey, William Kiely, jr., Mr. and Mrs. T. McIlroy, jr., Ned Hanlan, Ald. Frankland, Frank Somers, Andrew Darling, Mr. Torrance, Robert Shanly, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin, London, Eng.; Ted Smith, John McFarlane, Mrs. R. H. Crew, Mr. Massie, Mr. W. C. Dick, Mr. Aikins, Miss Carroll, St. Catharines; Miss Pape, W. G. McWilliams, ex-Ald. Mitchell.

A strong plea for funereal reform was brought before the Anglican Synod recently, and I hear that steps are being taken to push the matter before the eyes of the people. The trappings of woe, the selfish parade of sorrow, and the saddening of the living out of fancied respect for the dead are to be warred against in real earnest.

The central committee of the Women's Auxiliary, which works so earnestly to supply material aid to the various missions in connection with the Church of England in the North-West, is located in Toronto. For some time past those intimately concerned in the homely yet noble work of preparing clothing for Indians have felt that a fuller knowledge of the uses of the apparel so generously donated would enable them to gather even more, and in June last Mrs. Willoughby Cummings and Miss Patterson left for a tour of the missions. They reached home only last month, having traveled among the little stations in the north and west for three months. In St. James' School House on Friday of last week they told the story of their journey to an interested assemblage of women, for, by a harsh decree, no male reporters were admitted.

The second annual dinner of the Canadian Ticket Agents' Association was held at the Walker House on Thursday evening last.

The Association for the Advancement of Women held its eighteenth annual congress in this city during the past week. A large number of clever and enthusiastic women have talked and read of matters pertaining to the better education of women. The sessions have been full of interest, and the earnest workers have been entertained between meetings at the homes of several of the most prominent citizens.

The annual ball of Chesterfield Lodge, S.O.E., takes place on the last night of the present month. The committee, consisting of J. W. Stockwell, J. Lister Nicholls, James Hewlett, T. W. Horn, A. J. Boyd, E. H. Hardy, A. J. Wilkinson and R. J. Gautt, has been working with that assiduity which has always characterized the members of this lodge since its inception, and everything points towards a pleasant and successful evening on All Hallowe'en.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is the guest of Mrs. Blackstock of Jarvis street during her stay in the city. Mrs. Howe's daughter, Maude Howe-Elliot, is a beautiful woman who has recently married a wealthy Englishman, and Marion Crawford is a nephew of the talented lady, whose family are justly celebrated for beauty and brains.

St. James' square Presbyterian church was the scene of a charming wedding on Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Mary Frances Pattullo, daughter of Dr. Pattullo of College street, was wedded to Mr. Walter D. Gregory. The bride wore a traveling gown of pearl gray, and two of her bridesmaids wore heliotrope, while the third was garbed in the same delicate tint of gray. The attending maids were the Misses Ruby and Ethelwyn Pattullo and Miss Hilda Gregory, the groom's sister. Mr. R. U. MacPherson acted as groomsman, and Messrs. Noxon, T. W. Gregory, B. Pattullo and F. B. Bull officiated as ushers. Many friends, elegant gifts and the earnestness of the good wishes combined to make the reception which followed a delightful one. Mr. and Mrs. Gregory began their wedding journey to New York late in the afternoon. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. John P. Bull, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Bull, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bull, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pattullo of Orangeville, Mrs. J. C. Pattullo of London, Mrs. Henderson, Mr. B. E. and Miss Bull, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Page, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Clarke, Mrs. J. Fletcher, Master Clarence Fletcher, Miss Laidlaw of Woodstock, Miss Cassie Wells, Mrs. Murchison of Brampton, Mr. Victor Pattullo, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ansley, Miss Gregory, Miss Bertha Gregory of Hawtrey, Mr. A. R. Gregory, Mr. E. A. Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Farrer, Dr. and Mrs. McPhedran, Mr. G. B. Smith, M.PP. Mrs. and Miss Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Kellogg, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McCallum, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Willison, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Moore of Brampton, Mrs. Justice Scott of Brampton, Miss Florence Scott, Mr. John Scott, Mr. James Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. John Ritchie, Mr. Levi Annis of Scarboro', Dr. Lehmann, Miss Wright, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Acland, Miss Mabel Sullivan, Mr. J. H. Moss, Miss Moss, Miss Musson of Cayuga, Mr. Musson of Belleville, Miss Furby of Port Hope, C. C. Gross, G. W. Holmes, C. J. Holman, Dr. W. Shaw, Miss Minnie McKinnon, Mr. A. S. and Miss Rodgers, Mr. J. Farrer, Jack Cooper of Chatham, A. Strachan. Mr. and Mrs. Dignam, Miss Lennox, Mr. Robert and Miss Pringle and Miss Blossom Kingsmill. Mr. and Mrs. Gregory left on the 4 55 train for New York.

A pretty wedding was solemnized on Wednesday last in Elm street church, when Miss Annie C. Scott was wedded to Mr. Carlton De Wayne Richardson. The bride wore a delicately-tinted heliotrope traveling gown with trimmings of darker velvet and passementerie, the hat being *en suite*. Her bridesmaid, Miss Fanny Wilson, was gowned in a plaid of green, and wore a small toque to match. Little Miss Phyllis Clarke, daughter of the mayor, was maid of honor, and looked a dainty little maiden in a Kate Greenway coat of brown plush and a broad brimmed white beaver hat. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson drove directly from the church to the Union depot, taking their wedding journey to Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis and Kansas City.

Mrs. Fred Jarvis received all week, assisted by her guests Miss Stewart of Hamilton, Miss Atkinson of Chatham, and Miss Amy Mason.

Rev. Osborne Troop of St. Martin's, Montreal, preached in Trinity College chapel on Sunday morning last.

Mr. Clarence Fleming, manager for Rosina Vokes, was married lately to Miss Belle Stewart of New York, at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. Fleming is now in town looking after the interests of his star, and is accompanied by Mrs. Fleming, who is a very charming and accomplished lady.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunnet returned from their Old Country trip on Wednesday.

Rosina Vokes.

At the Grand Opera House Monday next comes the ever welcome and vivacious little comedienne, Rosina Vokes, accompanied by her talented company of English comedians. Miss Vokes will pay us a week's visit this time, and for our amusement and entertainment she has selected the following delightful plays, presenting, as is her custom, three separate and distinct pieces at each performance. Monday and Tuesday evenings the bill will consist of The Old Musician, a play in one act, adapted from the French by Felix Morris, who will assume the title role; The Circus Rider, a comedietta by Mrs. Charles A. Doremus of New York; and A Corsican Legacy (first time here) a very clever burlesque on the Corsican vendetta in which will be found many features of Barnes of New York, Paola, and like plays. Wednesday and Thursday evenings the performance will begin with Percy Pendragon (first time here), a comedy in one act taken from H. J. Byron's Married in Haste, to be followed by G. W. Godfrey's comedietta, My Milliner's Bill, in which Miss Vokes will sing in her inimitable manner the famous song, His 'Art Was True to Poll and conclude with A Double Lesson, by B. C. Stephenson. Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday afternoon (only matinee) will be devoted to A Game of Cards, a comedy in one act in which Felix Morris scored a decided success here last year,—Wig and Gown, a charming comedietta in which Miss Vokes has full sway to display her remarkable talents and My Lord in Livery which will employ the services of nearly the entire company.

Miss Vokes has made but few changes in her company since her last visit to Toronto.

Mr. Felix Morris still leads the support, ably assisted by Courtenay Thorpe, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Grant Stewart and Chas. J. Bell while the Misses Emily Bancker, Eleanor Lane and Marion Kilby lend beauty and grace by their presence.

The latest acquisitions are Miss Kilby of Montreal and Mr. Stewart of Toronto. The latter's friends here will be pleased to hear that he is making rapid progress in his new profession.

Art and Artists.

The Ontario Society of Artists will hold their first conversazione of the season in the Toronto Art Gallery on October 30, to inaugerate the taking possession of their new quarters. It is in contemplation to give several conversaziones during the coming winter by the art club in connection with the gallery. The committee that has this conversazione in hand has determined to make it one of the events of the season. The first part of the programme will be a promenade concert, with dancing after ten o'clock.

Wednesday saw Toronto the richer by a great many of the excellent paintings by Paul Peel, which were on exhibition for the first two days of the week at Oliver, Coate & Co.'s warerooms. The pictures, comprising work done in many quarters, principally France, brought good average prices, though the large pictures went exceedingly low. The Venetian Bather, bought by Mr. William Wakefield, brought the highest price, $325. Mr. Byron Walker of the Canadian Bank of Commerce secured the study Life is Bitter, for $260, while the large and much admired picture, the Reaper's Joy, went to Mr. Alexander Manning for just $10 less. Mr. Tom R. Wood got Adoration, which was on exhibition at the Toronto Art Gallery, for $170, and Return of the Flock was knocked down to Mr. James Spooner at $135. Among other Toronto citizens who secured valuable pictures were Mr. A. B. Lee, Mr. J. F. Thompson, Mr. R. L. Patterson, Mr. J. W. Beaty and Mr. R. Y. Ellis. Previous to the sale the general opinion was that Mr. Wakefield's and Mr. Walker's pictures would head the list and the bidding proved that this surmise was correct, though surprise was very generally felt that these pictures did not realize a still higher figure than they did. The sixty canvases sold realized about $3,000, which averages a better price per picture than any other collection of paintings ever disposed of here. Mr. Peel will return very soon to Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid leave to-day for a short visit to New York and Philadelphia. Mr. Reid intends to give an exhibition of his summer work on his return. VAN.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

A large and enthusiastic gathering presented itself at the first of the Rugby football series on Saturday afternoon at the Cricket Ground. Unusual interest was displayed by the spectators on account of it being between our club and that of the Queen City. It was a glorious day for football, there being very little or no wind, in fact. The ball was kicked off about four o'clock by the Toronto team, and from that time till the end all the men seemed to work with a will, and some very fine kicking was accomplished by Saunders and Pirie, who are a great addition to our team this year. The playing on both sides was very commendable, but our men seemed to be too much for the visitors and the match resulted in a victory for Hamilton. Many black eyes and other facial abrasions are to be seen about. Saunders, Dewar, Pirie, Logie, Simpson, Stewart and Watson played good work for the home team, while Boyd, Moss, Garrett and Henderson did not lose any opportunity of benefiting the Torontos. Among those present at the match I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin, Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. F. Mackelcan, Miss Dunlop, Miss Dewar, Mr. and Mrs. Bankier, Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Stinson, Miss Hamilton, Mr. and Miss Harvey, Mrs. Wanzer, Mrs. George Hamilton, Mrs. Burton, Miss Sinclair, Miss R. B. Skinner, Misses Hendrie, Briggs, MacGiverin, Ambrose, Watson, Leggat, Fuller, Gillespie, Wood, Mills, Hobson, Messrs. Gauley, Ferrie, Ricketts, Patterson, Gates, Burns, Duncan, Osborne, Hobson, Carr and many others. It is to be hoped the enthusiasm of the people will continue during the remainder of the contests, and that such a gathering will present itself at the next match played on the grounds. Mr. Hugh Smith was present at the match and remained in town over Sunday.

Mrs. and Miss May McGiverin leave for England this week and will be absent until spring.

Mrs. and the Misses Chapman left for England this week and expect to be away for about two years, they will be much missed in social circles during the coming season, however, we wish them *von voyage* and a safe return.

On Friday evening Central church schoolroom was crowded to very appreciative audiences to hear Principal Grant's lecture on Bobbie Burns and it was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, as all lectures given by the eloquent professor of Queen's College are. Mrs. Frank Mackelcan sang twice during the evening. Her first selection was Angus MacDonald, and second Ye Banks and Braes, both of which were rendered with much feeling and expression. These lectures are sure to become popular. They are to be given every week during the coming winter and different subjects will be discoursed by several well known men from different places throughout the Dominion.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris have returned from their wedding tour. Mrs. Morris will receive this week at her house in Sandyford Place.

The hearts of the *debutantes* of this season are commencing to palpitate with joy at the thought of three approaching dances. Mrs. Billings for the 23rd, Mrs. Gillard for the following evening, and Mrs. Findlay for the 28th, have issued cards this week. Much pleasure is anticipated and we shall soon plunge into a sea of gaiety after our long recreation.

Mr. A. T. Wood, Miss Wood and Miss Wilson have returned from their trip to Europe.

Principal Grant of Queen's College, Kingston, was the guest of Rev. Mr. Lyle during his recent visit here.

Miss Edith Robinson has returned home from Europe.

Mr. Gordon Watson of Brockville spent last Sunday here with his parents.

Miss Dewar has returned home from Muskoka, where she has been the guest of Mrs. MacMurrich.

Invitations have been issued for the opening of the Training School for Nurses at the City Hospital on Thursday next. Dr. Woolverton will deliver an address.

A great treat is expected on Saturday evening at the opera house, when Miss Emma Juch will appear in Carmen. SYLVIA.

BELLEVILLE.

An exceedingly pretty home wedding was solemnized on Wednesday evening at 9 o'clock, when Miss Angie Diamond, youngest daughter of the late A. Diamond, P.M., was united in marriage to Mr. J. Scott Stevenson, formerly of Toronto, but now of Vancouver, B.C. The ceremony was performed by Rev. M. Hodson. The bride was attired in a simple empire gown of white cashmere and silk lisse, the quaint style of which enhanced her youthful beauty. She carried a large bunch of white carnations, and was attended by her sister, Miss Clara Diamond, who wore a similar dress, with a yellow sash; Mr. Mitchener of Toronto assisted the groom. About forty guests were present on the occasion. The presents were numerous and very handsome, and will no doubt be treasured by the bride in her far-off home, as mementos of warm friendship here. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers. After an elegant repast the happy couple left for a six weeks' tour, visiting Detroit, Chicago and Winnipeg before leaving for the Pacific coast.

Mrs. Clinton gave an At Home on Thursday afternoon, from 4 to 7 o'clock. She was assisted by Miss O'Hare, Miss Annie Elliott and Miss Simpson.

Mrs. Robert Mathison is visiting relatives in Hamilton.

Miss Casswell is in Cote St. Antoine, Montreal, and is the guest of the Misses Reckie.

Mrs. E. G. Ponton of New York is visiting relatives here. She is accompanied by her children.

Mrs. Montizambert of Chatham, N.B., is here for a visit with her mother, Mrs. A. Pion.

Hon. McKenzie Bowell was in town last week, the guest of Mr. J. C. Jamieson. The hon. gentleman is looking hale and hearty after his trip to the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. C. Kelso of Toronto is visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. B. S. Wilson.

Miss Allie Lister has returned from a pleasant visit to friends in New York.

Miss M. Stewart is in Chicago visiting friends.

Several hunting parties left this week for North Hastings. They were composed of the following gentlemen: Mr. J. W. Walker, Mr. George Thomson, H. Corby, M.P., S. B. Burdette, Q.C., M.P., Messrs. Alf. Gillen, George Leavens and James Jenkins.

Invitations are out by Mrs. Henry Corby for an At Home, at Belwode, on Friday evening at eight o'clock. It is the general topic of conversation and promises to be the event of the season.

A Common Affliction.

Tramp (piteously)—Please help a poor cripple. Kind old gentleman (handing him some money)—Bless me! why, of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?

Tramp (pocketing the money)—Financially crippled, sir.

Might Have Done Worse.

First Book Agent—Did you make anything when you were in the country?

Second Book Agent—Yes, I made several narrow escapes.

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Gentlemen (new term) meet Monday and Thursday, 8.30 p.m.

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HIGH-GRADE WATCH SPECIALIST

Boudoir Gossip.

A YOUNG girl amused me very much recently by taking me to task for marking my books. "It's all very well," she said, "to mark passages for reference, but just think how you spoil your books."

That word "spoil" assured me that her books would lie on parlor tables or repose securely behind glass doors. I think she is wrong, for a well-marked book is a pleasure to take up for even a cursory glance, and some of the pencilled passages point to certain conditions of mind at which one may laugh a little or grow sober over, just as the facts may warrant.

To be sure, a few notes are almost requisite if one intends to benefit or elucidate others. What the reader may have marked while mentally ejaculating "nonsense," the second reader may smile over and whisper, "fitted an experience no doubt." The grand thought, the well-put question, the clever or the absurd answers are much more ours by means of the mark which fastens them in our memories, and lifts them from among the more trite sayings on the same page.

There are books on my shelves that are almost friends. They cheer me when I am a little sad. They advise me in perplexity, reprove me when I grow reckless and seemingly laugh with me when I have good fortune. But these are all marked over, lined with pencil or ink, with scribbled margins and rubbed binding.

I always feel a little shy of a new book. It seems so much a small bit of the store, instead of a staunch friend. It is well to use a book but not to abuse it. To me the pencil marks do not seem an abuse, but broken corners are, and the unmistakable prints of three greasy fingers made me justly indignant less than a month ago.

Books are ornaments, but they are not fulfilling their highest purpose when they are used as ornaments alone.

•

Did anyone ever imagine that he could save time by laying plans to catch certain street cars at certain corners? One day last week I had a very little valuable time at my disposal, and I pined after a Church street car. Of course the rear platform and the conductor's back were all I saw of it. Then I decided that instead of waiting for the next one, I would be clever and find a Sherbourne which would do nearly as well. While I had my eye on the driver of the last mentioned line I saw a Church car coming, and when I dived after it I realized that it was a Parliament car and by this time the Sherbourne had gone. In two minutes by my watch I was on board the Church, which had been ambling along behind. My shoes were all mud, my bangs blown about, my temper crinkled, and I made a resolution that I would stand stock still on the corner, and wait patiently for the regular car, realizing that I could waste time more agreeable than in dancing over muddy crossings trying to get ahead of the street car time table.

•

It was my good fortune during the past week to have a long look at some of the handsomest goods ever brought into the city. An elegant piece of fine white cloth had piece trimming of plush brocade. The patterns of conventionalized flowers were outlined with heavy silk cord and gold threads glinted through the fluffy mass in a bewildering way. Another piece of goods in velvet had an embossed pattern in cloth and gold tinsel details. A net dress pattern was polka-dotted in green, and an edge of scalloped velvet foot trimming matched the scattered bits of color. A cinnamon brown silk showed an exquisitely carried out design in morning glories, tinted in delicate mauve shades.

A very pretty silk and wool combination called pongor, was fashioned in simple elegance and trimmed with some soft chantilly of the same creamy hue.

•

Hats are odd to be sure. Once we learned by dint of much persuasion from Dame Fashion, that they should bear all their trimming in front. Then she reversed her mandate, and we paraded the streets with the ornamentation massed at the back. Now she astounds us by peremptorily ordering decoration at the front as well as at the back. The large hats with their sloping smoothly-covered brims of velvet have a cluster of tips in the front and a larger bunch mingled with ribbon loops at the back.

A dainty little bonnet of cerise velvet had a trimming of gold gimp, and a realistic butterfly of gold lace spread one wing towards my lady's face.

I saw dashing hats of black and yellow, sober browns and pretty shades of fawn, emerald green and soft pearly gray. The shapes were modest, novel or eccentric, and in brighter colors black as a trimming predominated.

•

There are some things in which taste must necessarily appear to change, but the woman of independent thought will decide upon several little methods or fancies which she will live up to. One of these is her perfume, another her favorite flower, another the prevailing colors of her house, and a fourth the style of her stationery. The following paragraph indicates the accepted mode of decoration among the gay in Gotham: "At the top of the page, and in the center, instead of the corner, is her address stamped in colored letters, surmounted by her monogram or coat of arms if she has one. The monograms are much more used this season than they have been previously, and the fancy is to stamp them in embossed letters colored with metallic colors. The three initials in script are sometimes used instead of the monogram. For ordinary use the letters and accompanying monograms are of a clear scarlet or blue, printed smoothly upon the paper."

People do sometimes prefer colored stationery, else it would lie heavy on the hands of the shopman, but why—oh! why do they?

Pure white, or creamy tinged paper is so unassertive, so dignified, and yet so business-like, that I am afraid I do not lean towards the woman who pens her thoughts upon colored paper.

It is said of a rich American woman, who is socially well known in London, that her beautiful jewels are worn in a very *negligee* way. Her pearls she wears as a girdle, and her magnificent diamonds serve as buckles for her shoes.

There is, perhaps, an element of the ostentation of wealth about this careless way of displaying valuable gems, and yet what an effective and refreshing sight after witnessing the efforts of showy people to get all ornamentation into the always-visible foreground.

•

Some ignorant person—methinks 'twas a man—has risen up to expostulate with woman for wearing dresses which fasten up the left side and along the left shoulder. This is how the expostulation is proceeded with:

"Such a bodice does up under the arm, where it is awkward for the wearer to fasten it herself; then round the armhole, which is very tiresome; and along the seam of the shoulder, which it is simply impossible for the wearer to hook. The more she stretches her right arm up to get to the aggravating shoulder fastenings, the more she necessarily, by the same action, drags them away from her over her back. Thus the assistance of somebody else to put in those hooks is imperative."

It quite amuses me, but it is unfounded. In the first place, the operation of buttoning or hooking one's self in, is not impossible, nor yet tiresome. To be sure the bodice does look at first sight like a forgotten piece of some young sister's prize puzzle, but when once the plan of the affair is comprehended, it is only a matter of growing accustomed to a new way of bending fingers, and then the great impossible is beheaded, and the apparently seamless bodice ready to tangle up the understandings of people who admit that they "can't see how you get into that affair."

•

I've often wondered why fat women will try to be so slim-waisted. Some of them do, and I saw one not long since in a street car. A mountain of flesh was supported by a waist which a sixteen-year old girl should be scolded for having, and the stout dame had turned forty. The car jolted and her big arms wobbled and she teetered and swung like a heavy headed poppy on a little stem.

Of course it was ridiculous to be alarmed. I knew she would not break, and yet I could not help feeling just a little fidgety when she tottered about a little more than usual.

•

The lake was in a strange mood on Sunday. I stood on a high bank and let the wind do its worst, while I ran my eyes up and down a strip of pebbled beach, which is very dear to me, for the sake of old times and old friends. The water was gray—steely gray far out to the horizon, and the great wind-tossed waves with their ravelled edges of fleecy white, flung themselves down with mournful, hollow roars, in which I thought I heard an undertone of remorse and despair. The beach, too, was gray, except for the wet, black stumps with their twisted roots, and the foam which lay in tangled threads of white along the curving lines of the high-water mark.

The sky above was steel gray, though cloud billows of a softer shade curled themselves about in the far east, leaving just at the horizon a wide strip of delicate amber, which glinted over the cold tints of the tossing water.

At the point, where the waves were spending their fury on a strong new breakwater, a red brick house warmed the sight, and a tall maple tree leaned towards the water, while its glorious colors seemed to rest against the lake's gray cheek.

"Come, we will take cold; I am chilled through," said a dear, gentle voice beside me, and we walked up the grassy lane, followed still by the hoarse voice of the billows, with the soul-cry underneath. CLIP CAREW.

The Opera and the Theater.

The season now being opened the only proper dress is the full dress suit. As to dress at dramatic performances the lines are not so closely drawn. The full dress suit is distinctly the evening dress and should never be worn before the evening dinner. It can be worn anywhere in the evening and must be worn on all occasions of formal ceremony, such as weddings, parties, dinners, receptions and other occasions whose formal character is indicated by a formal invitation and where social amenities are at their highest. A full dress suit should not be worn during the day on any occasion whatever, but during the evening it may be worn whenever and wherever the wearer likes, and for formal occasions it is absolutely requisite. The material should be of fine black worsted, either of very narrow diagonal or of fine wales running nearly straight across the web, is the proper material for coat, trousers and vest; or if desired, the latter may be of white or black silk. Recent attempts to introduce coats of blue or other colors, with light trousers, have not been accepted in society, and black still remains the distinctive color for evening dress. Having received a full line of dress suitings with fancy evening dress vestings, I would call attention to my patrons and the public generally. Henry A. Taylor, the Fashionable West-End Tailor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

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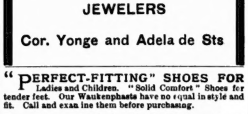

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By EVERETT GREEN

Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicily," Etc.

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CHAPTER II.

THE RIVAL HOUSES.

Patricia Richmond was everybody's friend, and a person of importance in a place that owned two such large landowners as Lord Doversfield of Eagle's Crag, and his kinsman and cousin, Mr. Musgrave of Musgrave Towers. She inhabited a picturesque cottage, Herne Hollow by name, which she had inherited from an aunt with whom she had long lived, and was an universal favorite both at home and abroad. Her brother made head-quarters at her house, which enabled her to make it a pleasant circle of hospitality to the whole neighborhood. She was not more than four-and-twenty, yet the independent life she had led had given to her an ease of manner, and a savoir faire not often acquired so early in life; moreover there was a brightness in her every look and word that gave it a piquancy of its own which was wonderfully winning. And perhaps in no way had her tact been so well di-played as in her power of keeping on intimate terms with both rival houses of the place. She was the only person in the neighborhood who ventured to invite the two families to meet one another, and some said that it was her influence which had gone far to bring about the incipient friendliness that existed between the various members of the rising generations. This friendship was not as yet an acknowledged fact save in the case of the eldest son of each house; but there was not lacking those who had observed that Lord Doversfield's second son, Keith, had been paying marked attention of late to pretty bright-eyed Marjorie Musgrave of the Towers, and that none of the children of the rival cousins seemed likely to share the hostility that had existed for two generations before them.

It was to Patricia Richmond's house that Cedric bent his steps after the strange meeting with his lost love on Sefton Sands that day. Mingling with his wild joy and triumph at having seen Corona face to face, and hearing from her lips that her love was all his own, was a dark misgiving as to the character of the man who styled himself her guardian, yet who bore a sinister character in the place, and owned not a friend in the world. Cedric thought he had heard at times some of another whispers and rumors relating to Mr. Vansittart, could not recollect the substance of them, or remember how or why it was that he bore so ill a name; but if anyone could enlighten him upon the subject it was Patricia, and to her house accordingly he bent his hasty steps.

At the lodge gate he encountered his friend and comrade, Viscount Mervyn, also bound on a visit to the mistress of Herne Hollow; and going straight up to him with outstretched hand, and eyes that glowed and sparkled with the stress of subdued feeling, he said in low, vibrating tones:

"Wish me joy, old fellow. I have found her—I have found her at last!"

Mervyn looked steadily at his companion, his face paling very slightly.

"Found whom?"

"Corona—my promised wife—who was spirited away so mysteriously while we were away on that shooting expedition. You know how I have sought her, and sought her in vain. To day I have found her," and Cedric plunged into the history of his discovery, and never paused until Mervyn was acquainted with its every detail.

"Vansittart—Panelled House," said Mervyn, musingly; "surely there is a story about that man!"

"I believe so—I fear so. Possibly it may be nothing but a reputation for eccentricity. I have an impression that he was said to dabble in magic and the black arts; but I am coming to ask Patricia. If anyone knows, she will know."

"True; she is sure to have the best information to be had."

Patricia greeted her guests with great warmth and hospitality. Her brother Gerald was out shooting, but she might expect he in. The two young men were quite at home in her comfortable drawing-room, and whilst Mervyn sat silent in the shadow, Cedric told with eager haste the story of their meeting with the beautiful girl, Corona St. Cyr, in Italy, of her troth plight to him after but a brief acquaintance, and of her mysterious disappearance from the convent where she and her sister had been brought up with an unknown guardian, who had given no account of himself, save that he produced his credentials and carried his wards away no one knew whither.

"Corona St. Cyr!" exclaimed Patricia; "why that's the name of Mr. Vansittart's eldest ward. He brought two girls to his house some six months ago; and there they have lived ever since in great retirement."

"I know—so they told me." A great shadow clouded Cedric's face as he spoke. "Patricia, I think there is something wrong."

"Is anything wrong?"

"That is what I want to ask you. You are the person who knows most about this neighborhood. You are the universal confidante of the community. Patricia, is there any ugly story attaching to the Panelled House?"

She gave him a quick look.

"It has a bad name, Cedric; but almost any old shut up house would get that. Besides, I almost think the evil reputation dates farther back than the present owner. Wasn't there some story of an astrologer—one of the Vansittarts of long ago—who got the place ta-booed?"

"Yes, I think so. I have been trying to remember everything I ever heard of the history. But, Patricia, I seem to recollect—very dimly, of course, for I was a mere lad at the time, and boys heed such things little—I seem to recollect some talk of a scandal, or a mystery, at the Panelled House. It was, if I remember right, only since then that the Vansittarts went into such complete obscurity. People talk now as if it had always been so—but I have an impression that they were never seen once."

Patricia made a sign of assent.

"Yes, Cedric, you are quite right: there was a story. But afterwards it was supposed to have been all a mistake or a delusion. He has, as people say, 'lived it down.'"

"But what is the it?" asked Cedric, with a slight shudder. "That is just what I want to get at."

Patricia glanced round and drew a little nearer.

"It is not a pleasant story, Cedric; and if it is a fabrication, it is almost doing the man a wrong to repeat it; but if you have really a motive in wishing to hear——"

"I have—I have."

"Well then, I will tell you—though you must not put too much credence in it. As I say it is supposed now to be a pure invention of spite."

"Go on."

"You know the Vansittarts were a decaying family. They seemed doomed to misfortune and loss—some people said for their sins. Andrew Vansittart, at his father's death, inherited little but the old place and land behind those high brick walls. People wondered how he and his sister contrived to live.

"Then he went away for a time, and when he returned things seemed to be better with them. There was more money, for he could afford to buy books and pictures, and gratify his expensive tastes in many refined ways. People wondered how it all came about; and then an ugly rumor began to spread that he had married a rich wife on his travels—some said an old woman, some said a deformed creature—all kinds of surmises were circulated about her. One thing all agreed, namely, that she was concealed somewhere in the rambling old house, and that she was gradually being killed by ill usage and neglect.

Cedric started and uttered a fierce exclamation beneath his breath.

Patricia laid her hand upon his arm.

"Gently, Cedric. Remember the wild improbability of such a tale, and that it could only possibly have got about through some idle servant's gossip. I admit that the access of wealth looked suspicious; but it might have been acquired at the gaming tables, and also might have started the rumor. Then as soon as ugly hints got about people cold-shouldered the Vansittarts, and when they saw this they withdrew into their shell—they had no more real society people—and were seen no more. When the rumor died a natural death, and its advocates became a laughing-stock of it, invitations to the brother and sister were sent out again, but unsuccessfully till just lately. Now, my dear Cedric, do not go and put yourself into a fever and think that the old man is a fiend and a murderer."

"Who called him that?" asked Cedric, beneath his breath. "Did you say murderer?" and his eyes were full of horror.

Patricia tried to laugh at him, but the effort was not successful. It seemed as if some of his vague foreboding and terror had transmitted itself to her. She was, however, a woman of sound common sense, and recovered herself, though by a slight effort.

"Now, Cedric, be reasonable. I did not mean to use the word; it slipped out unawares. I merely meant to tell you that the stories circulated about this mythical imprisoned wife died a natural death for want of food to live upon, your good insatiable scandal-monger, who felt bound to stand by the story so confidently circulated, had to draw afresh upon the imagination, and declare that the poor lady had been secretly poisoned and buried in the garden or some folly of that kind. A recluse like Mr. Vansittart, of rather doubtful antecedents and enigmatic history, is fair game for venom of slanderous tongues. I didn't like the man, Cedric, and I didn't trust him; but I sincerely believe that all these ghastly stories are mere fabrications. We live in the nineteenth century, you know."

Cedric made no reply; his face expressed great dismay and uneasiness. Mervyn, who had not spoken a single word all this time, now observed reflectively:

"What a very suitable guardian for two young girls—heiresses."

Cedric started.

"An heiress—heiresses? How do you know?"

"I heard casually the other day that Vansittart had two rich wards living in his house, though I had not curiosity to ask the name. Patricia, is it true that the man is suspicious of a dabbler in the black arts himself? If he is a dealer in magic I might obtain entrance to the ill-omened house. I have several things I think he would like to see."

Cedric's face was full of eagerness.

"Yes, that would be capital. If Corona is in that house we must combine together to prevent any kind of imprisonment there. She fears Vansittart intensely—that I can see. She must not be left to his tender mercies. We must do something for her."

"You are her natural defender, Cedric," said Patricia.

"Just so, but on that account the most helpless. She has begged me not to divulge to her guardian the fact of our engagement, or ever to let him suspect it. Why he wishes I hardly know as yet, but it ties my hands. You, Mervyn, can do far more than I, and no one is more suited to deal with an acute villain like Vansittart."

"On the principle of 'set a thief to catch a thief' asked Mervyn lazily. "Thanks, Cedric. Patricia, is there any royal road to the old reprobate's heart?"

"They say that a passion for any costly antiquities, or jewels, or curios is his predominant spot, as well as his love for magic lore. But all this is hearsay. I know nothing definite. My part shall be to stir up all the neighborhood to get those poor girls to their houses instead of being cooped up as they are now. Mr. Vansittart has some sort of respect for public opinion, and if the matter is worked judiciously I believe we shall succeed."

Cedric thanked her warmly, but was too restless to remain long where he was. He soon rose and said good-bye, and went swinging home with rapid strides through the deepening twilight.

Musgrave Towers was a splendid pile of buildings, quite eclipsing in grandeur the old ancestral house called Eagle's Crag. It had been built by the father of the present owner—a man who had made an enormous fortune in trade, and thereby had quarrelled bitterly with the old earl his father and his brother, then Viscount Mervyn. On the death of the earl the millionaire had by means of a flaw in the will established, after five years of litigation, his claim to all the landed property acquired by purchase and not included in the entail; and having won his cause at last had raised this huge house, as a trophy of success, almost within sight of his brother's windows. Such was the commencement of the hostility between the elder and younger branches of the Musgrave family, and the flame of anger and hatred had burned hotly for two generations; but it seemed likely to be extinguished in the third, when Lord Mervyn and Cedric Musgrave should succeed to the headship of their respective houses.

As the young man stepped into the great hall, a light footfall crossed an upper gallery, and a bright-eyed girl came flying down the great stair-case.

"Ah, Cedric, I am so glad you have come! Perhaps you can persuade papa to see sense. Did you know that there was to be a masked ball at Eagle's Crag next month? Well, an invitation has come for all of us—in Lord Mervyn's writing I think—and papa is grievous and calls it an insult. He almost struck Jock for saying he should like to go; I daren't say a word, though I should love to see it all. Do go and see if you can calm him down. You have been quite in favor since you came home."

Cedric smiled as he went forward to the small drawing room, whence issued the sound of an angry voice. It was a new thing to be told that he was in favor with his father; for to the faults of the good offices of his stepmother, whose life was spent in scheming for the advancement of Jocelyn, her own son, in the hopes of seeing him some day made his father's heir. When she had married, Cedric had been a sickly infant, who was supposed to be slowly pining away. She had never forgiven him for living on, and growing to be a son of whom any father might be proud. She had contrived many misunderstandings between father and son, and had managed to banish Cedric almost entirely from his own house. But he had come back at length upon a visit, and it seemed as if his father meant to take him into favor once again. His half-brother and sister loved him dearly, and admired him with all their hearts, and had Jock been aware of his mother's machinations he would have been indignant to the last degree; but he never suspected anything of it, neither did Cedric himself.

"It is infamous; it is scandalous—I will hear no more of it, Jock," thundered Mr. Musgrave furiously. "No son of mine shall ever with my consent set foot within the door of Eagle's Crag."

Mrs. Musgrave looked up with a sneer in her eyes.

"Take care what you say, my dear, or you will condemn your favorite, Cedric. I think he goes there constantly. He and the viscount are the best of friends."

Something very like an execration passed Mr. Musgrave's lips; he turned upon his son, who now entered, with a fierce look upon his face.

"Is this insult any doing of yours?" he thundered, almost flinging the card of invitation Cedric's face.

"No, sir; not directly. I knew of the ball, of course; but not that Mervyn had written to me."

"Insolent puppy. But I will be even with him yet. No man ever insults me for nothing. Of course you will be there?"

"Probably."

A smile lighted for a moment Mrs. Musgrave's hard, handsome face, as her husband turned on his heel and strode out of the room in a violent access of rage.

CHAPTER III.

THE MASKED BALL.

Lord Doversfield was a widower with three children, of whom Viscount Mervyn was the eldest, and Lady Mildred the youngest; the second son, Keith, was a year younger than his brother, and was a youth of parts, and a great social popularity. The earl's household was further augmented by the frequent presence of his sister, Lady Barbara Musgrave, and his niece and ward, Cicely Castleton, who was almost like a sister to Mildred. It was a quiet and peaceable household at all times, and when Mervyn was at home the contentment was complete, for his father and sister almost worshipped him, and his slightest wish was as law in the house.

The masked ball which was making such a stir in the place had been an idle proposition on his part in the first place, quite forgotten by the family. Lord Doversfield had approved it because his rival at the Towers had given several magnificent entertainments of late, and it was pleasant to do something to eclipse these in the eyes of the neighborhood. When the matter was really settled, Mervyn entered into it with unusual animation; for he was much absent from home on some business of a private nature in connection with the ball; and on the evening previous, he met Cedric for the first time at the spot where the two properties joined, a secluded corner which had witnessed many such friendly trysts.

"Well!" quietly asked his Cedric, eagerly.

"It is all right. She will come."

"As what?"

"As the Evening Star; and she knows both your characters."

"You have seen her?"

"Once for a few minutes—time enough to arrange it all."

"And how did you win over the guardian?"

"By means of the hint Patricia gave us. He has an avaricious passion for any kind of old jewel or valuable; and an intense curiosity on the subject of astrology and magic, inherited possibly from the ancestor who originally got the house its bad name. A curious old divining rod which I took to show him almost won his heart, and by a half promise that I might be willing to part with it, I won his consent for his wards to come to the ball, and he is to accompany them in the guise of a magician, in a quaint old dress of my providing. I have my doubts as to whether I shall see my rod or my dress again without a row or an action; but at least I believe we shall see him here to-morrow night. He appears to have conquered his aversion to society. He made no very serious objection."

"Does his sister come also?"

"No; she is a grim dame, who never stirs abroad. He can be the suave and polished courtier when he chooses."

"I know," answered Cedric, hastily, "I saw him myself. It was his blandness that struck me as most unpleasant."

"Just so; but in such a case we must be grateful for small mercies. If he had been like his sister he would have had the door shut in my face. As it is I obtained entrance more easily than I anticipated, and have made my way with better success than might have been the case if he had never mixed in society. You can cultivate his acquaintance yourself to-morrow night if you are not otherwise occupied; but probably the Evening Star will engross most of your attention. You will know that the masked Planet with the attendant spirits is the mysterious heiress of whom there has been so much talk. Can you and I shall be alone in the secret, and I shall not stand in your light."

Cedric silently held out his hand.

"You are a good friend, Mervyn," he said, "and I am grateful. I need not say more. Only when your time comes let me do what I can to serve you."

"Thanks, old fellow; good night," and Mervyn turned and walked away with something almost resembling a groan, leaving a heavy sigh breaking from him as he drew away out of ear-shot.

As for Cedric, he walked fore and fast in a sort of dream, as he thought over what he had heard; and his heart beat fast as he pictured to-morrow's meeting, and all it might bring with it.

His father's anger at his determination to appear openly at Eagle's Crag (masks were to be removed at midnight) and to keep up the old friendly relations with the Viscount, was forgotten in the happiness of the present. He had come home in the hope that he might succeed better than heretofore in pleasing the irascible master of the Towers; but as he declined to profess an undying hatred to Lord Doversfield and his family it seemed unlikely that real peace could be established. So far there had been a sort of armed neutrality between them, and he was too much engrossed in his own dream of love and anxiety for his Corona to have much thought to spare for anything besides.

Cedric's dress was rather magnificent. It was as Lohengrin that he was to appear. He had had an appropriate costume made a couple of years back, when he had figured in that character at a grand ball in St. Petersburg. The white velvet and polished silver breastplate, the swans' plumes and the jeweled sword were all as good as new; and the wig of gleaming golden hair transformed him into an ideal hero of romance.

"My eyes, sweet, as well you are!"

Cedric turned quickly and beheld Jock standing in the doorway; and Master Jock's face was full of mischief, and his person was attired in the parti-colored raiment appropriate to cap and bells, supposed to be sacred to a court jester or fool.

"Hallo, Jock! Why you don't mean to say you are going too?"

"Don't I think? Looks a little like it, I think! I'm not going to keep out of such a piece of fun as this. I can tell you, Wally, the good of masks, if not to let people in who don't want to be recognized? You think I shall play my part too well not to be found out, eh? Think the fool's dress isn't disguise enough?"

"I didn't say that," answered Cedric, laughing. "But what will the governor say, Jock?"

"Oh, he won't know. I'm supposed to be dining with the Maguires. I'm not going to lose the chance of seeing Eagle's Crag and meeting all one's friends in disguise; not I! It's the best bit of fun we've had this ten years past. Just cut out for my part, too," and Jock struck an attitude that set all his bells off jangling.

Cedric had finished putting the final touches to his Lohengrin dress; and then, to Jock's surprise, he produced from the cupboard a long, rough monk's habit and cowl, which he proceeded to throw over his velvet tunic, and which disguised him completely, and turned him from the knight of the swan to a gaunt-looking friar, whose great height gave him a certain lofty dignity. The shade of the cowl hid all the flowing hair, and threw such a shadow on the face that it hardly needed the mask to make it absolutely unrecognizable.

"Why, whatever is that for?" asked Jock.

"I want the fun of appearing as two characters; for my Lohengrin is known I flatter myself my friar will puzzle them all."

"I should just think he would. What a jolly idea, Cedric. Wish you joy of it now. I want to share the fun. Your Lohengrin is almost sure to be recognized in any case. Your height and figure betray you. But when you are disguised as two characters I defy anyone to guess your identity. It's a grand idea!"

The brothers arrived in good time, but they were not the first, for as there was neither a large house party assembled in honor of the pheasants, the rooms looked picturesque already with their sprinkling of masked guests in quaint or gorgeous costumes.

Lord Doversfield and Lady Barbara alone remained unmasked, and stood at the end of the long reception room bowing gravely to each guest arrived, though for the most part in complete ignorance of the identity of the new comer. He was attired in a Vandyke dress of black velvet, and he in a costume of a corresponding period, while Mary Stuarts, Henrietta Marias, China shepherdesses, clowns, sages, gallant cavaliers, jostled each other and whispered leading questions, and passed cautious or impertinent remarks, and in fine enjoyed themselves to the full and mystery-ing had fashion common to such occasions.

As the rooms filled and the illusion became more and more complete, the fun waxed fast and furious. The music—quite delightfully incongruously assorted—drafted off to the dancing room, where a motley assemblage were soon whirling round to the rhythmical cadens of a waltz. O hers were promenading the great corridors, and peals of laughter broke out again and again, striking some sudden discovery, or the penetration of some practical joke permissible on such occasions.

Many admiring glances were bent upon one tall figure in white velvet leaning against the wall of the reception room, and taking no part in the gaiety around. The man's plumes plainly betoken him as Lohengrin; but the knight seemed to have small idea of enjoying himself in orthodox fashion.

From time to time another tall figure in the picturesque costume of a sixteenth century Spanish courtier came up and addressed him in low tones; and once a stout, stalwart man, muffled in a Turkish robe, with a long grizzled beard descending almost to his waist, drew near with stealthy deliberation, and planted himself beside the Knight of the Swan.

Cedric turned his head and looked at the new comer. There is always something a little uncanny in meeting the glance of eyes that may be friend or a stranger, of a friend, or even of a foe, and being in absolute ignorance to whom they belong.

After a moment of silence the Arab began to speak in a hoarse whisper.

"Have a care what you are about, young sir."

"A care? Why so?"

"You are playing a dangerous game. It is as a friend I warn you."

"I thank you for your good will; but at present you have warned me for nothing."

"Or of anything. You are playing a suicidal game. When it is too late you may be sorry."

"You speak in riddles. I do not understand you. To what do you allude?"

"To the whole course of your conduct. You are throwing away the substance in pursuit of the shadow."

Cedric slightly shrugged his shoulders. His mind was absorbed, his thoughts were bent on other things. He had no special heed to give to dark hints from an unknown stranger.

The Arab seemed to divine this, and moved slowly away; not before he had given one parting shaft.

"Mark my word you will be sorry for this one day."

But Cedric did not hear or heed. A new light had leapt into his anxious eyes. His heart beat with the joyous reward after a period of trying suspense.

A new party was just entering the room. A page, in a strange, unfamiliar robe and turban, led by the hand a spirit-like figure in glowing serial robes, and was followed by a childlike form in the dress of an attendant sprite. Amid all the gay and fantastic costumes around, these figures could hardly attract a second glance, save perhaps that the peculiar grace of the mode of walking of the latter a host of admiration, and the curious rod carried by the sage would be certain to attract the notice of anyone versed in antique relics by-gone ages. The owner indeed seemed to be thinking more of the rod than of his fair charges, for he let his Evening Star be led away to the dance almost immediately by the Spanish courtier, whilst the childlike sprite was claimed at the same time by a jester in cap and bells.

Lohengrin had moved to his position to the door of communication between the dancing room and the conservatory beyond, and presently when the gawdy robes of the lady passed through the doorway, he turned and followed her, and a few moments afterwards the Spanish cavalier might be seen posted in the doorway watching, as he seemed, the never pausing crowd of dancers, though in reality his glance never left the figure in the embroidered robe that was cautiously skirting the walls and approaching the glass door.

One advantage of a masked ball is that anyone may accost any other person without the formality of an introduction; and as the astrologer approached the Spaniard fixed his glance keenly upon the

"Pardon, Signor," he said, with an admirable foreign accent, which not one in a hundred would believe to be assumed, "but you have a very remarkable curiosity in your hands. May I be permitted to asking how you became possessed of it?"

"It came into my possession by an accident. Do you know anything about it?"

"I perceive that it is a divining rod of very ancient date. May I be bold enough to inquire if you have ever tested its powers?"

"No—I have not long had it in my hands."

"Doubtless you know something of the method in which these are used?"

"Certainly—I think I can guess what you really think"—he paused and hesitated.

"That special gifts of magic lie dormant in such a rod as this? You may laugh at me, if you will, but I have travelled too much in the East to sneer at the strange results produced by so called magic. There should be a crystal——"

"Yes, yes—and then?"

"Well, by those who know how to use them there are certain results that may be accomplished. I incline to think that the possessor of the two would find no task too hard for him. He should be able to forecast the future, and to work his will on those around him in whatsoever way he pleased."

"But the secret? Surely there is a secret?"

"Ay, truly, so there is."

"Do you know it yourself?"

"Alas, no! Although I take the keenest interest in such subjects, I have none of the powers of magnetism, or whatever else it may be, by which the spirit-world is governed. It is not everyone who knows how to use it when it has it."

"Do you know anyone in these parts who would have such a gift?"

The astrologer replied with apparent carelessness, yet his eyes were sparkling keenly.

"They say Lord Mervyn, the son of our host, was once the pupil of an Eastern sage of Jewish descent, with whom some strange secrets were reposed. He might guess at the power of the rod—but I detain you by my talk."

He moved aside to allow the Knight of the Swan to pass with the Evening Star upon his arm. They moved silently amid the throng of dancers, and at the conclusion of the waltz the girl was brought back to her guardian.

Her cavalier bowed and departed. The next instant he felt a light touch upon his arm, and turning, found himself face to face with a gypsy girl.

"Come," she said, beckoning him on, "I have a secret to tell you; and though her tone was light, or tried to be, there was a subdued urgency in her manner that made the knight turn and follow her without a word.

She kept casting quick, nervous glances about her as she moved, as if half terrified at the gay scene around, or at some unknown danger which Cedric could not fathom. He watched her with great curiosity as she thread-ed her way amid the shifting throng, ever and anon turning her bright, anxious eyes back upon him as if to hurry him onward. Once when he paused to return a greeting, she returned and laid a hand upon his arm.

"Come!" she once more whispered. "Come—it may be life or death!"

(To be Continued.)

Moonset.

Down the quiet road
From the gray sand on the hill
Came with a soft and sighing sound
The wind, then all was still.
Four by the Carmen bell
(So nearly gone the night!)
Yet over the sea a cloud still tarry lay
That splendid shroud of white.

Down the quiet road,
With the wind to lead the way—
And the moonlight blanched the smooth house
And turned the red tiles gray—
That sweetest fragrance came
From the mignonette grown in bloom,
Till I knew that it could not be a dream
Th t glorified my room.

Down the quiet road,
Wi h a soft and measured tread,
C me when the wind had died away
(It was so strangely dead!
Risen from out their graves
In the pantheon's solemn close
Where the jasmine stars and the clavelon
Are mingled with the rose.

Down the quiet road,
Each with his sweet, pale face
And wistful eyes that yearned to find
Once more his old-time place!
These souls twixt earth and heaven,
They may not pass, I said,
Till they know that the living mourn no more
And odes to fill their stead.

But down the quiet road
Till the moonlight cease to flow
And the cock crow strill for the coming dawn,
Their steps shall come and go;
And the scent from the orange trees
And the w'nd shall fl at before
As they wait for a strange, the slumbering town
Forever and ever more.

Bustle in a Store.

Mrs. Hayseed (on her first visit to town)—One would think that big store I was just in could do considerable business, but I suppose most of the crowd jest looks around and goes out agin. My! Wasn't there a commotion when I bought something and paid for it.

Hostess—A commotion?

Mrs. Hayseed—Mercy! yes. Jest es quick as that clerk girl got my money she begun yelling "cash," like mad—and half a dozen little errand boys came rushin' up to see it.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Culture by the Ounce.

Miss Wouldbe (to druggist)—Give me 'n ounce o' musk.

Mr. Wouldbe Also—Oh, gosh! Helen, don't buy musk! I saw 'n a paper that it ain't cultured t' use musk.

Miss Wouldbe (crushingly)—Lord! I've saw just as cultured people as us use musk!

The Bold Bad Man.

"Do you really think that Mrs. Jones loves her husband?" "Loves him? Why, she can't bear to have him out of her sight for a single moment." "You don't mean it! I had no idea Jones was so bad as that."—*Boston Transcript.*

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This utensil has a double bottom and sides as far as shown in above cut. The space between the copper or outer bottom, and the bottom proper is filled with asbestos of the finest quality. There is but one dish to clean, no danger of breakage. Soups, puddings, sauces, etc., as well as milk or cream fillings cooked without the slightest danger of being scorched. The newest cooker out and the leading all others—on its merits.

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In His True Colors.

"A subscription!" said Doctor Angell, his frank face all smiles. "Pray walk in, ladies, I am delighted that my poor, little bachelor's den of an office is so highly honored! Yes, as I often say, charity is one of the few luxuries in which we struggling professional men can afford to indulge. Pray be seated by the window. Miss Wallis—take the sofa, Mrs. Estcourt!"

It was all very well for Doctor Angell to call his office "a poor, little bachelor's den." But no one else would have ventured to affix any such nomenclature to it. The floor was covered with a tiny patterned Persian carpet; the windows were draped with Japanese chintz, all gleaming with golden bees and butterflies, on a ground of crimson; the bookcase and *secretaire* of inlaid walnut, were crested with alabaster statuettes and expensive bronze trinkets, and a painted china *jardiniere* near the sunshine was filled with freshly cut hot-house roses and ferns. Lucy Estcourt looked around with glistening eyes; she liked pretty things, and the exquisitely ordered place gratified her senses as one of Palmer's marines or Church's paintings might have done. And Blanche Wallis secretly vowed within herself to have just such a "love of a *jardiniere*" in her own boudoir, before she was twenty-four hours older.

"Yes," said Mrs. Estcourt, who was the spokeswoman, a young widow, "We are collecting funds for a Home for Indigent Widows. Squire Allan has promised us his old stone house by the pine glen, free of all rent or charge, and our idea now is to furnish it and engage a matron, without loss of time. Only think how much good we can accomplish!"

"It is a noble idea!" said young Dr. Angell, with kindling eyes.

"Yes," said the pretty widow, adjusting the links of her jet chain. "I think it's a capital plan myself! And if you gentlemen will help us with a little ready money, we ladies will undertake to furnish linen, china and housekeeping wares!"

Dr. Angell smiled.

"Dear ladies," said he, "I shall not attempt to disguise from you the fact that I am poor! But, as I said before, charity is the one extravagance in which I delight to indulge myself. Pray allow me!"

And taking a ten dollar bill from one of the drawers of the inlaid *secretaire*, he laid it in Mrs. Estcourt's hand.

"I only wish it were more," said he, with a graceful deprecatory motion, as she made haste to thank him. "But I hope you will accept it in the spirit in which it is given!"

"Oh, doctor," smiled the young widow, "if every gentleman in Silver Falls will give us as much, we shall be able to open the Home at once!"

And as the two ladies walked away, their conversation naturally turned on the gentleman whose elegant little sanctum they had just left.

"There, Lucy," said Miss Wallis, triumphantly, "what did I tell you! Don't he look exactly like papa's picture of St. John, with that noble forehead, and the wavy, brown hair brushed so artistically away from it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Estcourt; "and how beautifully he expressed himself about the luxury of giving! I do like a man to use select language, instead of plunging headlong into all manner of slang, like poor Cousin Jack!"

"And his velvet smoking cap, tasseled with gold," added Blanche, enthusiastically. "Did you see it on its peg? And the carved Swiss glove-box on the mantel? And the sweet Turkish chibouk, with its enameled standard and amber mouth-piece; and, oh, Lucy, the perfectly fitting boots that he wore!"

"My dear Blanche, what nonsense you are talking!" said Mrs. Estcourt, with the superior smile which became a married woman, and one who was full eighteen months older than her companion. But, for all that, the pretty widow thought a good deal about Dr. Angell and his deep-blue eyes and St. John forehead, as she sat at her needlework that afternoon.

"Jack," she said to the much-enduring cousin who had been hopelessly in love with her, ever since she was a school-girl in a sun bonnet and bronzed kid boots, "why don't you ask Dr. Angell to join your boating club?"

"Because he's such a confounded humbug!" said Mr. Jack Warren, snipping away at the bit of paper with the widow's scissors.

"Do put those scissors down, Jack!" said Lucy, a little impatiently. "A—humbug! Dr. Angell?"

"A regular dead-beat!" nodded Jack. "Good-looking, but shallow—smooth, but false."

"Jack!"

"Well, it's true," said Mr. Warren, emphatically.

"How do you know?"

"From the fellow's looks, to be sure!"

"Now, Jack," said Mrs. Estcourt, flushing up to the roots of her golden hair, "that is all jealousy! Nothing in the world but jealousy!"

"Just as you choose to have it," said Jack, serenely. "It don't matter a pin to me, either way. Only mark my words, Lucy, the Silver Falls people will find him out after a while."

"Find him out!"

"Exactly," nodded Jack. "He's running old Dr. Jennings out of practice now. People prefer his soft voice and wavy yellow hair to the old fellow's brusque ways and rusty wig. But there 'll be an end to his popularity one of these days."

"He gave me a ten dollar bill for the Indigent Widows' Home!" cried Mrs. Estcourt, indignantly.

Jack only whistled. "He's a humbug, for all that," said he.

Poor Jack! He was no reader of feminine character, else he would never have fanned the flame of his pretty cousin's evanescent fancy with the gales of opposition. He would have agreed with her, *in toto*; he would have loaded the young doctor with praises, and echoed every word of commendation that she spoke. But Jack Warren had always blundered through the world, and he was true to his character in this instance.

"His frumpy forehead and yellow hair and soft voice don't make an Angel Gabriel of him," said Jack; "and so you'll find out."

And Lucy Estcourt was so nettled that she rose up and whisked out of the room, work basket and all.

It was the afternoon of the next day that she took it into her capricious little head to visit a favorite old pensioner; an ancient, toothless crone, who lived in a tenement house in the very dingiest part of the pretty little town of Silver Falls, and who was destined to occupy one of the rooms of the Home for Indigent Widows, when that beatific vision became a certainty.

"Well, Mrs. Midgetson, and how are you?" said Mrs. Estcourt, rustling softly into the room, a radiant apparition of smiles and golden hair and attar of roses.

Mrs. Midgetson dropped her knitting, and turned a man-like pair of silver spectacles toward the new-comer.

"I'm as well as ever I expect to be, my pretty dear," said she. "Only I'm clean worrited out of my mind!"

"Worrited, Mrs. Midgetson?"

"With the scolding, deary, and the confusion in the room next door, with a partition between, deary, as is no thicker than a sheet of paper. Listen yourself, sweetheart, and you'll hear."

Lucy Estcourt listened, and became aware of a vague confusion of voices.

"But what is it, Mrs. Midgetson?" said she, half alarmed.

"It's poor Lizzie Wade, dear, as is dying of consumption. And she ain't been able to pay her doctor's bill, as how should she, poor thing! and the doctor, he's a-takin' away of her sewing-machine by main force, the only thing as stood between her and starvation."

"The old wretch!" cried out Mrs. Estcourt, excitedly. "Why will people employ Doctor Jennings when there is such a noble, generous physician as Doctor Angell in town?"

"Eh!" said Mrs. Midgetson, staring through the huge, silver spectacles. "But it ain't Dr. Jennings, childie. It's—"

"Hush!"

Lucy held up her forefinger with an authoritative air, for at that instant the voice of Dr. Angell himself was distinctly heard, uttering the words:

"There's no use whimpering or making a scene. You owe me forty dollars, and I will be paid. You haven't got the money? Very well; I can sell the machine. And, as for starving, I should starve, if everybody swindled me out of my bill, as you have done. Here, cartman, take this thing downstairs."

"Doctor! Doctor!" pleaded a faint voice. "Pray don't take my daughter's only bread-winner away from us! Have a little compassion, and wait until we are able to pay you!"

"And that will be when?" interrupted the doctor, with a coarse laugh. "Cartman, do you hear? Take it away at once, before these women have a chance to make any more scenes."

At that moment Lucy Estcourt opened the door of Mrs. Wade's apartment, and stood there like a beautiful avenging angel.

"Cartman," said she to the sympathetic Irishman, who stood vacillating in the middle of the room, "put the machine back into its place. Here, Dr. Angell, is the forty dollars owed you by that poor invalid. Take it, and enjoy it, if you can. And here, also," as the apostolic-looking young physician covered beneath the indignant fire of her eyes, "is the donation you yesterday gave us for the Indigent Widows' Home. We want no contributions unless they are given in a spirit of true charity."

And without waiting either for Elizabeth Wade's tearful thanks or Dr. Angell's ready apologies, she went back to Mrs. Midgetson's snuffy-smelling little room, and began to cry.

And this incident was Dr. Athanasius Angell's death-blow, socially and professionally speaking, in the town of Silver Falls. At the quarter's end he took down his sign, and left the place to Dr. Jennings and his rusty wig.

As for Cousin Jack, Lucy was so sweetly gracious to him during the next few days, that he actually took courage to ask her if she would have him. And he never was more astonished in his life, than when she said:

"Yes!"

Banana Fritters.

Pare, split, and cut in two, six bananas; sprinkle the pieces with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, the juice of an orange, and let them stand for an hour. Make a batter with the fruit juice, a small cup of flour, one egg, a little milk, and a tablespoonful of butter; dip and fry. The most delicious of dainties have no attraction for the individual who has no appetite and suffers with dyspepsia. Ayer's Sarsaparilla improves the appetite and aids digestion.

An Experiment with Cats.

I am very fond of cats. From my youth up I have been accustomed to harbor all the stray felines that came around the premises, and the tramp Thomas and vagabond Maria were always sure of a welcome at my hands. Blind kittens, lame kittens and all the orphans of the species have ever held a claim upon my attentions, and if I had been the happy possessor of a trunkful of bonds I should have made a will bequeathing part of my property to found a home for indigent and persecuted cats.

But, to my story: Recently as I sat on my back porch smoking my evening pipe, with a select assortment of cats in view, some seated on the grass plot, others prowling along the tops of the fences, one upon my lap and three rubbing against my legs, an immense and luminous idea entered my brain. I saw that there was money in cats. Not that there was millions in it, but the delightful quadrupeds might be made not only to pay for their living, but to earn a livelihood for their benefactor. Then should I indeed turn the tables upon those who had laughed at me for my excessive fondness for the musical little beasts who kept my neighbors awake.

With me, to think was to act. I had a row of kennels built in the back yard against the entire length of the fence, at the sides and rear, with bars in front which permitted the inmate to look out but not him prisoner. There were five-and-twenty of these kennels, and each one was to hold a cat. The building of these novel tenement houses was not an expensive nor a tedious job. Five dollars would cover the entire cost, and this was little enough when I looked for a profit of that amount for each night. It was my intention that the cats should give a free concert every evening until further notice, and that the neighborhood, which was to have the advantage of it, should pay for the music. Not that I expected voluntary subscriptions, but I was quite sure that contributions would be made.

The eventful night came which was to witness the first concert. It was a lovely evening in June. The moon was full—I was not, but had all my senses about me. The cats were full, too—of music—for I had gathered in the twenty-five without difficulty and lured them into their new homes with plentiful bribes of meat and milk. I retired early, but not to bed. From a window of my room I waited and watched for the first orchestral note. At ten o'clock the concert opened. An immense Thomas cat with a basso profundo voice sent out a ringing challenge to a huge yellow rival who glared at him from an opposite kennel, and then one after another the voices of the rest joined in until it seemed as if a regiment of cats were yowling, spitting, squealing, growling and bellowing in our back yard. I rubbed my hands together. This was just what I wanted. The harvest was ripe and now I must prepare to gather it in.

Suddenly I heard words of blasphemy at a window in the next house and then a missile fell into the yard. This was the prelude to a storm and for an hour to come it fairly rained portable objects. The language that accompanied the hurricane was awful, but I extinguished the lights and held my peace. At the end of an hour the cats began to show signs of exhaustion, but for an hour afterwards they kept up intermittent songs and fugues and these attracted forcible notice from every quarter, largely increasing the stranded wrecks of property in our backyard. At midnight exhausted feline nature could do no more and the cats slept.

At the early gray of morning I stole out and gathered in the plunder. Hat and clothes-brushes innumerable, boots, shoes, inkstands, several volumes of poetry and history, paper weights, penknives, a number of mantel ornaments, one wax doll and one of china, three umbrellas, two canes, half a dozen brackets, an agricultural report, two patent office ditto, a "pigs in clover" puzzle and an air cushion. Having made arrangements previously, I had a pawnbroker who kept shop on the avenue, around the corner, to call on me at sunrise, purchase the plunder and remove it. He paid me $10 for the entire lot, and I chuckled to myself as I reckoned up in my ledger $5 to profit, after deducting expenses. At this rate the cats would care for me in my old age!

My experiment was a success. How could I doubt it? I ate my breakfast on the broad grin. I read the morning newspapers with a smile. But suddenly my joy was turned to grief. The bell rang and I answered it. At the door stood a stalwart policeman with blood in his eye and a warrant in his hand. He was one of my neighbors, but he did not smile. Neither did Judge Gorman smile as I stood before him, the center of a throng of indignant neighbors, charged with maintaining a nuisance. Nor did I smile when the Judge said "Ten dollars," and I had to draw out my purse and pay it.

My experiment was a success, but it will not be repeated.

As for cats—scat!—*N. Y. Mercury.*

In a London "Lift."

Fair American—I wonder why they call elevators lifts in this country.

Lift Boy—Hi can tell you, marm. Hi can lift you hup, and hi can lift you down. Hi can helevate you hup, but hi can't helevate you down.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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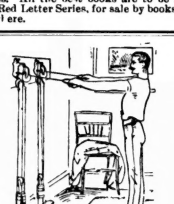

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Can be

cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I suffered greatly from this complaint for years, and never took any medicine that did me any good until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took four bottles of this preparation last spring, and my appetite, health, and strength were completely restored.—Richard M. Norton, Danbury, Conn.

My wife was long subject to severe Headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. After trying various remedies, without relief, she used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was speedily cured.—S. Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass.

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me of Kidney Disease, when all other medicines failed. It is the most reliable and best remedy for this complaint known to me.—Eli Dodd, Xenia, Ill.

I was afflicted with a severe bowel difficulty; my vitality seemed to be rapidly diminishing, my appetite failed, my tongue was badly coated, and my strength was gone. In this enfeebled condition I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I had not taken many doses before I noticed a decided change for the better. My appetite and strength returned, and my whole system manifested renewed vigor.—E. B. Simonds, Glover, Vt.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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Music.

Friday and Saturday of last week brought us a very pleasing visit from the Swedish National Singers. These eight young ladies presented us with an agreeable variety of music, but do not yet seem to have caught the favor of the general public. The audiences at their concerts have not been very large ones, in spite of the praiseworthy programmes. There have been some charges in the *personnel* of the Octette since last year, with the result that the very fine balance of tone has been somewhat disturbed. Miss Sundius, who is now the leader of the ladies, has a fine, ringing voice, but it does not blend with the others, and the fine, mellow effect of part singing is lost. Otherwise their singing is still up to the high standard of last year, the shading and intonation being almost perfect. The voices rise and fall together with the utmost precision and exactness, affording in this respect a model for all choral bodies.

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In solo talent the club is very well equipped. Miss Sundius sings her songs capitally. Her bright voice and really good style qualify her for a more important field. Miss Elizabeth Bruce was won golden opinions last year, and still sings with the sympathetic manner that charmed her hearers on that occasion. The other principal contralto, Miss Lindborn has a splendid deep voice, full of resonance and tone, which develops a remarkable sweetness in solo work. The humorist, Mr. Melvin R. Day, who was with the singers, treated us to the same selections he vouchsafed a year ago. It would not be a bad idea for this gentleman to enlarge his repertoire should he revisit us. At one of the concerts Mr. Smily recited Mr. Cockin's Wreck of the Birkenhead, recently published in SATURDAY NIGHT.

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On Monday evening a gala audience occupied the Academy of Music when the bands of the Queen's Own and Thirteenth Battalion joined forces and gave a really fine concert. The two bands combined for the performance of the Zampa overture, a selection from Les Huguenots, the Albertha Waltzes, and the march Cortege from Gounod's Reine de Saba. These were all excellently played, a beautifully mellow tone being produced. In the Hugnenots selections some points were missed. The contrasts of light and shade were not sufficiently accentuated, and the full brass chords in the chorales lacked sustained tone, a very common fault with the brass in our bands, by the way. Still these matters were observed by only the few while the mass of the audience was delighted. The individual work of the bands was extremely good, the Thirteenth giving an especially fine rendering of the Attila selection, similar excellence being shown by the Queen's Own in Till's King's Lieutenant overture. Mr. Harold Jarvis made his first appearance in concert since his return from England and speedily established his popularity. He gave a fine, thoughtful rendering of The Death of Nelson, the accompanniment of which was splendidly played by the Queen's Own band. Mr. Jarvis' voice is a fine mellow tenor, with a cat sympathetic quality, and his sojourn in England has enabled him to study the best models, much to his advantage. He is a very pleasing concert singer and his singing of In Sweet September and of Robyn's You was much admired.

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Signor Ed. Rubini gave a concert at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, with the assistance of Mme. D'Auria, Miss Louie Gordon, Mr. Giuseppi Dinelli, and of some of his pupils. Mme. D'Auria was suffering from a cold, and although her distress was evident, she pluckily sang The Love That Came too Late, and the Angel's Serenade, giving both numbers with excellent effect. Miss Louie Gordon is a new comer, whose rendering of Scharwenka's Polish Dance, Bachmann's Mignonette Gavotte, and Sig. Rubini's Printemps et Jeunesse Valse showed her to be a pianist of very good ability. She has a very pretty touch, and good executive ability, but she should show more respect to her audience than she does. Usually there is some curiosity to see a performer as well as to hear her, but Miss Gordon disappointed the audience by walking off the platform without a bow or in any way facing the assembly. Mr. Dinelli gave excellent renderings of Paque's Romance et Tarantelle, Haelman's Chanson d' Amour, and Dunkler's Chanson a Boire, the latter of which is a sufficiently difficult number to fully try his executive resources. He met its demands in a thoroughly satisfactory manner.

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Of Sig. Rubini's pupils, Miss Gertrude Leadley showed a very rich, sympathetic contralto voice, and sang with great taste and expression. Miss Z. Walters has a powerful mezzo-soprano voice and sings with energy and enthusiasm, but also with an exaggerated portamento which she would do well to check. Mr. W. Tinning has a very serviceable tenor voice, a little rough on the high notes, but with a pleasing style. The accompaniments were most judiciously played by Sig. Rubini.

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Another evidence of the depths of degradation into which church music has fallen in Toronto, according to some pessimists, will be afforded on Thursday evening next. Mr. A. S. Vogt, who now has one of the best choirs in the city, will give a service of sacred song at the Jarvis street Baptist church when the choir will sing Sydenham's Great is the Lord, Barnby's Praise the Lord our God, our King, Calkin's Rejoice in the Lord, the Damascus March from Naaman and Leslie's Pilgrims, with solos by members of the choir. Instrumental solos will be given by Mr. Vogt and Messrs. Ernst and Robert Mahr on organ, 'cello and violin.

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Mr. George Braeme has organized a class for the study of sight reading at St. Basil's Church.

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On Monday evening the Juch Opera Company will open a half-week of grand opera, with a chorus of eighty voices, and an orchestra of thirty musicians. The first opera to be performed is Wagner's Lohengrin, which will then receive its second representation in Toronto. Miss Emma Juch will sing the part of Elsa, with Mr. Charles Hedmondt as Lohengrin, Mr. Franz Vetta as the King and Mr. Otto Rathjens as Telramund, the fine part of Ortrund being sung by Mme. Georgine von Januschoffsky. Tuesday evening brings us Rigoletto with the last-named lady as Gilda, Mr. Rathjens as Rigoletto, Mr. Payne Clarke the Duke, and Miss Lizzie Macnichol as Maddalena. At the Wednesday matinee Miss Macnichol will sing Lady Allcash in Fra Diavolo, the title *role* being taken by Mr. Payne Clarke. On Wednesday evening Miss Juch will appear again as Valentine in the Huguenots, supported by Mr. Charles Hedmondt as Raoul.

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At the Eddie Leo concerts the week after next, the little singer will be supported by Mrs. Clara Barnes-Holmes, Mrs. Drechsler Adamson, Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mr. J. C. Bagnley, Mr. Ernst Mahr, Mr. Douglas Bird, Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, and Miss Sullivan. Mr. Torrington has arranged three very comprehensive programmes for the occasion.

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The pupils of the Conservatory of Music gave their first Saturday afternoon recital on October 11, in the lecture room of the Y. M. C. A. before a large assemblage of pupils and their friends. A fine programme of vocal and instrumental music was very creditably performed.

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Messrs. Ernst and Robert Mahr, well known in Toronto as artists on the 'cello and violin, have induced a friend of theirs to come to this city. The gentleman is Mr. Otto Ehlers of Berlin, Germany, who will arrive here in a few days. Mr. Ehlers is a pupil of Kullak in piano, and of Urban and of Heinrich Hoffmann in composition, and is a pianist of no small merit as well as a composer of some renown in Germany. The three gentlemen will form a club to be called the Berlin Trio Club and promise an early public hearing. The prominence of Toronto as a musical center will be enhanced by the formation of such a club for the performance of chamber music.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Y its magic and mystery the annual fairy story of the Hanlon Brothers has been tickling the fancies of grown up children at the Grand opera house this week. This time they call it Superba—last year it was Fantasma. To all intents and purposes it is the same thing, only in a new dress. It may be said to allegorically represent the spirit of all drama. There is the good spirit, who is constantly trying her level best to keep things straight and make the pathway of true love smooth. But there is also the spirit of evil, who, with all the malignity of crime which never sleeps, strives to thwart the roseate course of the blind god and his guardian angel and disseminate discord, dissension and trouble on every side. The conflict oscillates for a time, hope alternates with fear, until finally Wallalla the evil genius knocks under, the star-wand of Superba is in the ascendant and white-winged Peace and Happiness brood over all. This is the principle underlying almost all dramatic representation—and particularly those kinds of dramas which appeal to the masses and which for want of a better name are termed popular plays. No one would expect these fairy shows to be anything but that. There are other things in Hanlons' Superba, however, which have logically nothing to do with this strife of spirits over a lorn maiden and her afflicted swain, and those are the things which chiefly attract the public. They are the spectacular phases of the show, the scenic and mechanical arrangements, the glittering of tinsel in the calcium, the costuming and grouping of figures on the stage, and beside these the humorous, pantomimic and and acrobatic features.

Yet flimsy and unreal as is the substance of a piece of this kind there are those—and they are not few—who enter fully into sympathy with the contesting fairies and the woes of the hapless lovers. I always feel a great deal of pity for a man who takes the part of the good prince in a piece of this kind. He is always in such a deplorable condition, a mere tool in the hands of superior beings. Though he comes on the stage every now and then looking as if he could "drink hot blood," and blows about that he is going to do, everyone knows he is talking through his hat. It must take the conceit out of any self-respecting actor to go through an ordeal of this kind. Judging from the kind of work one usually sees in these parts, it may be easily discerned that those taking them are driven to desperate extremes through their inability to get a better job. The heroine is somewhat better off, as she has no boasting to do. She simply stands around, looks lachrymose and says nothing. I think that we take delight in these spectacular shows in proportion to the amount of childishness we have retained in our nature. The prosaic, intellectual spectator turns from them somewhat wearied. He sees in them nothing but people talking nonsense, painted canvas, calcium light and ingenious mechanical clap-trap. Those, however, who have not become too intellectual and matter-of-fact to retain some of the barbaric and childish gift of imagination will regard all these appeals to their senses more leniently and be delighted, if not instructed, with these combinations of light and color. Superba will be seen and enjoyed by thousands of men and women who need not feel any worse for the fact that a fairy play or a fairy tale has still the power to give them a large share of delight. It is a clean show, and very free from anything vulgar or offensive. The scenic arrangements are marvellous in their complexity of arrangement and very tasteful in subject and execution. If Superba lacks in any part it is in humor, a little more of which would add much to the interest of the piece. The burden of the comic work now falls on Mr. George D. Melville, who supports it well. The other chief parts are taken by Maud Midgley, Mildred Holland, Rose Forte and Howell Hansell.

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Roland Reed, always a welcome visitor to Toronto, opened at the Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening. For the first three nights he played in The Woman Hater, the comedy in which he appeared here last season. For his last performances he has billed a new play, Lend Me Your Wife, an adaptation from the French by the late Dion Boucicault. Mr. Reed is a comedian of strong individuality, who though running in somewhat conventional lines, yet leaves his impress on all who hear and see him. His humor is refined and subtle, his action careful, though free and entirely unconstrained. His singing belongs to himself. Mr. Reed is ably assisted by Miss Isadore Rush, who appeared with him last season. Miss Rush is a beautiful and accomplished actress. She throws much spirit into the role she plays of "Mrs. Joy in search of Number Three." The rest of the company do excellent work and give a well rounded performance.

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Jacobs & Sparrow's seems to be running to variety shows just now. This week Gillett's World of Wheels and Novelties held the boards. One of the leading features of this combination is the performance of the Gillett family on the bicycle. Some excellent juggling is done by Suto Sunetaro, who looks like a Japanized American. Howard and Williams do a funny black-face act. The rest of the company are well up to the average.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mr. S. H. Clark, the well-known lecturer in elocution at Trinity College, has just issued his annual circular. Mr. Clark made his first appearance on the great Chautauqua platform at Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., during the past summer, and made a decided hit. Mr. Clark is the first Canadian reader who has ever appeared at this modern Athens.

Robert J. Burdette delivered his humorous lecture, The Pilgrimage of the Funny Man, in Association Hall on Tuesday evening before a large audience. The witticisms produced their usual result. It was a laughing assembly.

The stage is rich in anecdote. If some of the real experiences of players could be got into their plays it would be better for the public. Here are two or three good ones: W. J. Florence, playing in the Colleen Bawn, was once sadly annoyed by the squalls of an infant in the audience. At last he lost all patience. Stopping in the midst of a sentence he came forward to the footlights and said: "There seems to be a nurse wanted down there." The audience laughed. But the plucky little woman who owned the baby was equal to the emergency. Rising to her feet, she quietly retorted: "No Irish need apply," which brought down the house, no one enjoying the jest better than Miles Na Copaleen himself. . . . In some melodrama, an actor playing the part of a heavy villain, had just spoken the cue for the heroine's entrance: "Away! She comes! I hear her footsteps," when the property man accidentally dropped a sixteen-pound shot down the staircase leading to the dressing-rooms. The audience were delighted to hear a succession of deliberate crashes which only resemble the footsteps of a clumsy giant. Now it happened that the leading lady was very stout, and when she heard the noises and the accompanying shouts of the audience she refused to make her entrance, vowing that the accident was a deliberately planned insult to herself. Entreaties and threats were of no avail; the curtain was rung down, and the actress was discharged. . . . . In his salad days Sothern was playing a minor part in that lugubrious but then popular drama entitled, Pauline, or a Night of Terror. In the last act two men, bent on fighting to the death, confront each other over a table on which lie two pistols, the one loaded, the other empty and harmless. With their backs to the table the men select their weapons, turn round and shoot. Sothern was the man to take up the loaded pistol, and as he fired, the eminent tragedian who played the other duellist was to fall back a corpse. But, alas! the pistols were equally innocent of anything that would cause a report. After the noiseless fall of the triggers, Sothern in dismay saw the eminent tragedian still standing before him mute, bewildered, and helpless. He quickly made up his mind, cocked his pistol, clicked the offending trigger, and with all the force of a good pair of lungs, roared "Bang!" The tragedian keeled over, and the curtain came down to deafening applause.

Chauncey Depew when abroad was very much impressed by the Passion Play, and considers it the grandest spectacle ever presented. "I never quite realized," he said, "just what the position of Pontius Pilate was until I saw the pictures at Oberammergau. The costumes in every detail were faithful representations of those of the time of Christ, and the actor who played the part of Pilate represented in every detail of his performance all the dignity and majesty of a high Roman officer. At five o'clock the next morning Pontius Pilate put my trunk on a wagon, and took the mark I gave him just like any other Bavarian peasant."

Clyde Fitch is the author of Beau Brummel, the play Mr. Richard Mansfield has so successfully brought out in New York. He is a very young man, who has sprung suddenly into fame. By the intrepidity with which he managed his puppets in his first play he has indicated that he has in him that which, when properly chiselled by the tools which a master of stage craft knows how to properly use, will place him in the front rank of American playwrights. He is now in London where he has sold a play for a good sum to the celebrated Mrs. John Wood of the Court theatre.

Trinity Talk.

The new wing which has just been finished may be said to be complete in every respect, from a student's point of view. Those wishing to work can slide the heavy oak door with which all the rooms are fitted—in addition to the ordinary door—and shut out the sounds of noisy students who may chance to have rooms near by. Each room is furnished with a pretty cherry mantlepiece and a grate, the hearth being tastefully tiled in two shades of terra cotta. There is also in each room a large cupboard, which will prove most convenient in many ways. The floors throughout the corridors are of hard wood, and on either side a high wainscoting of ash runs the entire length of the hall. A large room fitted with lockers enough for the use of all the men, and having a large "shower," connecting is another of the many conveniences which will make student life at Trinity even more comfortable than in the past.

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The supplemental examinations are over and term has fairly begun though the rooms are still rather in confusion owing to the amount of "moving" that is going on in residence, everyone being anxious to occupy his quarters in the new wing without delay. These lovely rooms are allotted to divinity and senior art students, the freshmen for the year having to content themselves with apartments in the eastern side of the building. Lectures will begin on Monday morning.

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Rev. Prof. Jones, who during the long vacation has been making an extended tour through England and the continent, is not expected to arrive for a couple of weeks at least, during this time there will be no mathematical lectures. Prof. Dunlop is acting registrar during Prof. Jones' absence.

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There will be about twenty resident freshmen this year, and the entire class is much larger, to say nothing of being more cheeky, than for some years past. However, some of them have every appearance of making good football players, and if they should prove such it will cover a multitude of sins.

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Mr. Frank DuMoulin, '91, has been absent for some days attending to important business matters in Philadelphia.

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Mr. Webb has been successful in securing the organ scholarship for the ensuing year.

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The election for the vacant arts editorship of the *Review* took place on Thursday last, Mr. Hibbard, B.A., being elected by a good majority. There is every reason to suppose the choice will prove most satisfactory as Mr. Hibbard's essays, which were read last year, classed among the best of the productions of the members of the Literary Institute.

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The following committee has been appointed to look after the general arrangements for the convocation dinner, with power to appoint subcommittees to aid them in their work. Messrs. Bedford-Jones, Abbott, Stevenson, Troop and McCarthy.

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At the football meeting, held on Monday last, the following were appointed to look after the interests of the club: President, the Rev. the Provost; 1st vice, Rev. Prof. Lloyd; 2nd vice, Rev. E. C. Cayley, M.A.; secretary, Mr. G. H. P. Grout, B.A.; treasurer, Mr. F. B. Howden, '91; committee, Messrs. H. H. Bedford-Jones, B.A.; J. G. Abbott, '91; A. F. R. Martin, '92; and M. S. McCarthy, '93. The men have been turning out well to practice, and the outlook at present is most promising. Among the freshmen, I have noticed several whose general play has been of a kind which will in all probility secure for them some position on the fifteen. Mr. D. R. C. Martin is practising with Trinity this year, and will, in some of the matches, play in his old position. CÆCUS.

He'd Got the Word Craze.

"Say, mister, will you be kind enough to loan me your Webster Una——" ! ! ! * * * † † † — and there was a dull, sickening thud.

"I have sworn thus to obliterate the 777th applicant for the loan of my dictionary and I have kept my oath-ah!" shrieked the editor, brandishing the sporting editor's crutch, as he pranced around the remains.

A Timely Suggestion.

Now the McKinley Bill has passed it will be in order for the Dominion Government to impose a duty on American boodlers *ad valorem*.

Disclosed by the Frost.

A good jest is like a diamond. Its sparkle is often the result of much patient grinding.

An After-Dinner Speaker—Fido, who barks for his meat.

Some men buy umbrellas, some men achieve them, and some get wet and swear.

Dyspepsia and disappointment in love seem to produce the same outward effect. The difference between them is that dyspepsia is very hard to cure.

Watts—Do you believe everything your wife tells you? Potts—Everything, except when she tells me I am an idiot. I can't quite go that, you know.

Man never wants to be an angel until he has failed at about everything else.

The cat has nine lives, and spends them all in vocal culture.

"Well," said Chappie, impatiently, to the boy opposite him, "what are you staring at? Is there anything extraordinary about me?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied the boy, abashed; "I think you are a very ordinary-looking person."

"Why did you yell 'Hay!' at the horse-car?"

"In the hope that the horse would hear me and stop. The driver wouldn't pay any attention to me."

Teacher—What is the difference between a biped and a quadruped?

Smart Scholar—Two feet.

It was the women who saw the first snake, but since then the men have attended to that sort of thing.

The t'other Side o' Styx

For Saturday Night.

There are golden sunsets glowing,
There are crystal waters flowing,
There are balmy breezes blowing
On the t'other side o' Styx.
There a spring-time blooms eternal,
And Flora reigns supernal,
O'er smiling pastures vernal,
On the t'other side o' Styx.

There's a wherry on the ferry,
Old Charon rows you o'er,
And is very civil—very,
As he tugs from shore to shore.
All in search of consolation,
Every pilgrim is a fix,
Will find good accommodation
On the t'other side o' Styx.

There the tree of life is blooming,
And the Rose of Sharon blows,
And the lily of the valley,
Where milk and honey flows.
Where the good and true all glorious,
From the trial o' the Pyx
Will for ever reign victorious
On the t'other side o' Styx.

There are balmy breezes blowing,
There are crystal waters flowing,
There are golden sunsets glowing
On the t'other side o' Styx.
There are smiling pastures vernal
And Flora reigns supernal
O'er a summer time eternal
On the t'other side o' Styx.

GEORGE MOFFAT.

I Love Thee, O, Thou Stormy Sea.

For Saturday Night.

I love thee, O, thou stormy sea:
For are we not akin,
When waves of care dark everywhere
My troubled heart within?

I love thee, O, thou gem-set sea:
Thou 'rt like a woman's heart,
Where beauties glow far down below
Hidden i' the deepest part.

I love thee, O thou summer sea;
So silvery with light,
So like my youth that now forsooth
I sadden at the sight.

I love thee, O thou sunset sea;
All glimmering with gold;
Thy glorious line is like the view
The pearly gates unfold.

I love thee, O thou moonlit sea;
Dim, glassy and serene;
Thy tranquil grace is like the face
Of memory, I ween.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

Friendship.

For Saturday Night.

Like soft waves rolling near a tropic shore,
When in mid-sky the moon hangs round and white,
Flooding the boundless blue with liquid light
And casting, where the breakers slowly roar,
Unfathomed shadows from sweet sycamores,
Tall, tossing palm and plantain glinting bright,
Their lives rolled on towards the far boundary
Where earth and heaven blend,
Where stars dip slowly in a languid sea
And vision finds an end;
Passing now thro' the darkness near wild rocks,
And now once more into the happy light,
Together 'mid the toil of threatened shocks,
As in the peaceful silence of the night.

JAS. A. TUCKER.

Plantation Pictures

MORNING.

"Oh, mis'ry in de mornin'
Comes wid de turnout horn,
An' out an' out mo' o' mis'ry
Befo' de day be born;
F'om Monday on to Sadday,
Ontell de sun go down,
Hit's nuttin' else but mis'ry,
For all de yeah aroun'.

"Hit ain't no use to grumble,
'Case when dat horn done blow
Dar ain't no time to tarry,
You got to swing de hoe;
You's got to shake an' shiver,
Wet wid de mornin' dew,
An' when de sun gits higher,
We'd sweat wet, thew an' thew.

"Hit's grapplin' wid de tie vines,
Hit's diggin' in de row,
De mo' you chop de grass dar
De mo' hit seem to grow;
My arms an' back is achin',
An' sho'ly I'll drap dead
Ef soon dat sun a shinin'
Don't git right overhead."

NOON.

"Dar goes de horn for dinner!
Whooppee! You heahs it too!
Oh, come on, boys, I'll run you
For home! Come shake yo' foot!
I bets I beats you plowmens
Upawn yo' swif'est mule,
An' doan' mistook dis nigger
For nasy pokin' fool.

"Hya! Hya! Oh, Sam, I beat you!
Yo' mule ain't got no pace—
De bes' on dis plantashun—
Does you know how to race?
Ef dar had been a possum
A bakin' in de pot
I could 'a beat de boss's
Bay buggy mar'e bes' trot."

NIGHT.

"T'ank Gawd dis day is ended,
An' when dat yaller moon
Gits white an' bright as' higher
I's gwine to cotch a coon;
A heavy dew is fallin',
Hit's good to leave de scent,
I's gwine to give dem varmints
A little worriment.

"Dar's mis'ry in de mornin';
But bes' lef' dat alone,
De res' dat comes wid night-time
Is all I calls my own;
I'll drap dem stiff rheumatics
Ontell de roosters crow
An' leave off dat plumbago
Ontell de turnout blow."

Noted People.

Tennyson is said to write many short poems, but his own judgment is that the publication of them would not help his fame, and they are pigeon holed or destroyed.

Frank Stockton, the novelist, lives in a roomy house at Madison, N.J. He is a methodical man in his literary work, devoting the early part of each day to his writing.

Professor Irving, son of the brilliant Edward Irving, the great preacher and friend of Carlyle, with all his wit, learning, power, and self-devotion, is living in Tasmania, in an obscure and distant parish.

Louis Kossuth is still engaged at his home in Turin, Italy, in writing his memoirs, the completion of which is made slow work by his great age—he is now 88 years old—and his habit of running into diffusive details.

Mrs. Cornelins Vanderbilt has purchased a span of horses in Paris. They are said to be the most beautifully matched pair of horses ever seen, and will be driven by an imported coachman, who was the postillion of Napoleon III.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' remarkable vitality is ascribed to his regular habits. The rooms he occupies are equipped with barometers, thermometers, and various other ometers to prevent his incurring the slightest risk of taking cold.

Charles A. Dougherty of Philadelphia, who has been appointed Secretary of Legation at Mexico, is a son of Daniel Dougherty, the distinguished orator and lawyer. Since the early part of Mr. Cleveland's administration he has been Secretary of Legation at Rome.

Miss Grace Channing, whose recent contributions to the magazines have made her name familiar to the reading public, is a daughter of Dr. Channing of Boston, and a grand-daughter of William Ellery Channing. She will pass the winter at Florence, in the hope of improving her health.

The Duke of Sutherland, who is something of a musical enthusiast, has erected a large organ in the gallery of the grand hall at Stafford House, London. The instrument, which is the largest and most complete of any in private residences in England, is blown by a hydraulic engine, and cost $30,000.

The Russian Czar has forty-four different uniforms, all of which he has worn save one, that of a Russian field marshal. Although the titular head of his army, the Czar has vowed never to wear the dress of a field marshal until this rank shall have been conferred upon him by the other field marshals after a victorious war.

A tablet to the memory of Robert Browning has been placed on the wall of Llantysilio Church by Lady Martin (Helen Faucit). In the autumn of 1886 Mr. Browning spent some time at Llangollen. During his stay there he walked every Sunday to the little church at Llantysilio, one of the oldest churches in Wales. He was always accompanied by his sister and his friends Sir Theodore and Lady Martin.

Sheriff Chalmers L. Dick, who made himself a terror to the horde of plunderers that descended on Johnstown, Pa., in the days succeeding the Conemaugh flood, and is said to have shot a man who was trying to rob a drowned woman's body, is dead. He was only 34 years old, but was a leading lawyer, and had been Mayor of Johnstown.

Mr. Gotschalk, of New York, owns the only genuine and perfect holy shekel in the world. The interesting relic is about 3,400 years old, and was used in King Solomon's Temple. Mr. Gotschalk is on his way to San Francisco to fulfill a promise and show the shekel to a friend who is a celebrated numismatist and has the largest collection in the country.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward is a woman whose personal appearance seems to accord wonderfully with her writings. She looks shy, delicate feasured, and yet there is a strength in her forehead and in the lines of her eyebrows and the rather large nose. Her hair is drawn smoothly back without crimp or curl and gathered in a heavy knot, held by a high-backed comb. Her eyes have rather a sad look that vanishes only when she smiles.

Madame Rosa Bonheur lives in her chalet of By, at Thomery, near Fontainebleau. In her park, much of which is wild forest, she keeps a number of lion's whelps, a buffalo, some deer, and several Italian cattle. She has made a fortune in her art, and now paints only when she is in the vein. President and Madame Carnot lately visited her, were shown all her late studies and sketches, and assured her that her genius had not suffered eclipse.

Benjamin Franklin once said that he would like to be hermetically sealed up for a hundred years and then revived, so as to see what Philadelphia would look like. Perhaps the strangest sight that would greet his eyes could his wish be granted would be the case now in the Philadelphia courts for the purpose of breaking his will and getting his legacy to apprentices.

When Canon Liddon was traveling in the East, a few years ago, he was accompanied by a very attentive and obliging Dragoman. The late canon testified to his gratitude by giving him a very handsome tip. Three days afterwards the happy Dragoman called on Dr. Liddon, and proudly showed him the new wife which the good doctor's donation had enabled him to purchase.

George Fordham, the famous jockey, always tried to dissuade anyone from betting that asked him for a tip. A relative traveling with him to Newmarket once asked him for a "safe thing" for a £5 note. George's answer was brief. He said, "Put it in your trowsers pocket and get your wife to sew the top up. This is in the 'safest thing' for a fiver at Newmarket that I know of."

How Rudyard Kipling came by his very unconventional Christian name has probably been the cause of wonderment to many. The story is rather romantic, having for its source the well-known English lake, Rudyard, on whose shores the future parents of the brilliant delineator of Indian soldier life plighted their troth, commemorating the occurrence, in later life, by the novel method of christening their son with the name of the place.

In Pursuit of Happiness.---No. 6.

JOURNEYING onward after spending three days at our camp at Cable's Pool we finished Pine Portage one hot and gorgeously beautiful morning. The upper half of the path is an ideal woodland trail. One is never away from the river and the timber is tall and almost as free from undergrowth as an orchard. The camp at the end of the portage is something like the one at the upper end of Long Portage, just a notch cut in the timber, surrounded by brush and bad smells. A large force of Hudson Bay voyageurs were having dinner there, and Mr. Donnelly, the Indian agent, and his little grandson, who were returning from a tour amongst the red-skinned wards of the Government, were traveling with them. I photographed them and the performance excited the amusement and lively interest of the Indians. If they had seen the picture after it was printed they would have had less faith in me as an artist than they manifested that day. I can think of nothing more picturesque than a camp of Hudson Bay servants. They are well fed and comfortably dressed, and the larger the pattern, the gayer the colors in their shirt and trowsers, the better they are pleased. These Indians had come several hundred miles from a post which lies between Lake Nepigon and Hudson Bay. The agent at the post, a tall handsome fellow with a dash of Indian in his composition, was the picture of a trusted employee. After dinner we went up the river and nearing Little Flat Rock Portage we made one of the most difficult and dangerous passages in the river. The river turns sharply around Little Flat Rock and flows to the east down a very steep incline. Then the river turns abruptly to the south. Of course the water rushes across the river bed until it strikes the towering palisades of rock on the eastern bank. There are hidden rocks beneath the water, and the Indians are not at all fond of pulling across and up the stream at the foot of the palisades, as the current is so swift that the canoes must be forced close to the bank before the current is passed. The first canoe was almost against the rocks before it got up and we had a little better luck, but it seemed very much like paddling across a mill race. Little Flat Rock Portage is less than a hundred yards in length, and we re-embarked at natural stone docks and paddled up Lake Emma. At the upper end of the lake the Hudson Bay voyageurs turn to the left, and, following the bay, reach Big Flat Rock Portage and Lake Hannah, from which they enter into Lake Nepigon. We followed the main river and after re-entering the stream settled down for a couple of days at Camp Victoria, which is a place or spot can scarcely be conceived. We camped between the upper and lower rapids and fished hard with but very little luck. Right below us four gentlemen from St. Paul were camped. They had all been on the river before. Judge Mitchell of the Supreme Bench of Minnesota, seven times I think, and Mr. Bunn, reputed to be the most successful angler on the river, nine or ten times. They reported fly fishing very bad and had to work hard all day with natural and artificial bait to get as good a basket as in better years could be had in an hour.

It rained while we were at Camp Victoria, a nasty, cold down-pour, which made life miserable. As we could do very little else but eat and as the Genius had brought a gallon of maple molasses and some prepared self-rising all wool and a yard wide buckwheat flour, we had some pancakes one wet night of which we all partook rather greedily. The effect on Professor was something dreadful. His antics waked us all up before he got out of his nightmare. It was evident from remarks he let fall and the terrible struggle he was having, that he imagined those three big trout were climbing up and down his back, nibbling his ears and otherwise acting as ghostly animals of all sorts are apt to act. He could evidently smell the skeletons for his nose was turned up at a most abhorrent angle. We woke him up and relieved him from his agony, but the perspiration was trickling from every pore. He denied in a vague and indefinite way that the fish had frightened him, but next morning he was observed secreting them in a bush. Pa., with that thoughtfulness which characterized his every action, went and got them and put them away where they would be safe, and all day long the Professor was not permitted to forget those skeleton fish. In the pools below the rapids any quantity of wall-eyed pike and jack fish could be caught with a troll, but the weather was so beastly we didn't take any interest in them. On Saturday we continued our journey northward and had great fun with the canoe load ahead of us which consisted of Pa., the Genius and the Professor. They were trolling most industriously and our bow Indian caught Pa's line and held it steady while Tomsing took off the troll and fastened a big bottle in its place. As we slipped it back in the water I gave the line a little jerk and Pa. jumped. He thought he had something sure. The whole crew were seized with excitement and speculations as to the weight of the fish and loud and contradictory cautions given to Martin to hold the canoe steady, made us pretty nearly laugh. When Pa. got his line in and found the bottle he looked around at us with disgust pictured very distinctly in his face.

We went on ahead and Joe lost his bearings and went up a big bay, thinking it the channel. To prevent the others having the laugh on us we told him to go all the way up and we would troll for pike. We caught nothing but just as we came back into the channel when they were giving us the laugh, I felt my line catch. I supposed it was weeds and hauled it in to clean the lure. Fortunately for us it was a big pike I had and I was able to make them believe it was pike we were after.

I am spinning this story out too long and I am afraid my readers will care little for many more of the trifling incidents of a summer excursion. Looking back at the pleasant and almost uneventful days, I wonder how these sketches have already spread over five instalments, and when I quit next week it will be to end the chapter for the present. I think the best material one gets out of rambles of this sort are little things which come back and supply an illustration when one is writing on an altogether different subject. Rambles of twelve and fifteen years ago seem to be growing more distinct in my memory while last summer presents nothing yet but the crude incidents of canoeing and camp life. By and by the beautiful stopping place called Camp Miner, with its tote-path along the abrupt rocky shore by which the water rushes in foam-capped and swirling masses, will come back to me crowned by the new beauties which grow in mellowed grace and loving recollection with passing years. Just now I recollect catching eight or ten pounds of minnows there in my landing net at one scoop. I never before saw anything like it and I didn't wonder that the trout refused to take our lures when flies were so numerous and millions of minnows threw their shadows on the sandy river bottom. By-the-way, before we came to Camp Miner we made a pretty little portage through the woods at White Cloud and skirted the shore through some of the most swear-provoking underbrush I ever had the pleasure of being introduced to. But it was all the same when in the afternoon we pitched our tent on the little point below Virgin Falls. I sha'n't try to tell you how lovely it was beneath the tree-clad hill, the roar of the falls above us, the rapids at our side, and the half-submerged rocks against which the eddies swirled on the other side, the great basin spread out before us, the river slipping silently and swiftly away toward lake Superior at the left. The Indians portaged the canoes and launched them again above the falls and up through scores of islands untouched by the axe of Indian or white man, we slipped along as the shadows lengthened, to get a view of Lake Nepigon before night. It is generally accepted that the river begins just above Virgin Falls, but really the lake is four miles away and it is either the river or a long narrow bay which leads up to the upper rapids. The Indians raced with each other, and though the sky was dull I think we experienced some of the pleasure that explorers sometimes feel when a vast body of water which they have been in search bursts upon their sight as the little islands parted, and all at once we felt the motion of the waves. Martin rowed us out for a mile or so, but the swell was very heavy and he showed no appetite for going any further. Up here is the home of the big Mackinaw trout, but four of us trolled all the way up and back and never got a bit.

We had a pleasant night in camp, and in the afternoon we went up the lake again. The fishing was no good below, and at any rate it was Sunday and no one but the Indians and myself felt inclined to tackle it. Joe scooped out suckers with the landing net till he had the grass full of them—great big fellows, too—but one Mackinaw trout and a big pickerel were all the better class of fish that paid any attention to us. After dinner the sky was as bright and the air as soft as ever made delightful a voyage in a Venetian gondola. I felt it was no use, but I let my troll run behind the canoe; the bare-headed Indians in their picturesque attire, the glassy water, the rocky islands, the burnished sky, made me forget that fish were desirable—that there was any ambition nobler than to thoroughly enjoy the beauties of the picture. The lake was smooth and we went away out to a little midget island, which is the last sentinel guarding the wide bay from which pours the waters of Lake Nepigon. As we came home the sun went down behind the high burnt lands and straggling trees of the western shore. The long shadows of the islands sank deep in the water, and every tree and rock, every bush and branch, was as distinctly shown in the depths of the island beneath as on the real island above. The water, like burnished steel, was unmarked, save by the ripple behind our canoe and the little swirls made by the paddles of the Indians. Here and there a fly alighted on the surface, and now and then the fin of a trout or the silvery body of a white fish would gleam for an instant above the surface. Riley and I were together, and I discovered that he was a very sentimental fellow, he became so enraptured with the scene, so worshipful towards the Maker of all these beautiful things, that aught but silence was impossible. Past deep and shadow-bound bays, through straits silent yet fraught with life above and below, the canoe floated as if over the waters of an enchanted sea, and by the hills of wonderland. Even the Indians seemed overcome and ceased to strike with their paddles at the white fish rising near them.

"See," cried Joe, catching my sleeve and whispering as if afraid his voice might frighten away the mirage.

"Where!" I asked.

"Along the gray rock of the island," he cried excitedly and pointing with his tanned finger.

There truly enough was a strange reflection. The dying rays of the sun partially illuminated the dull gray stone which stood like a wall along the water. The canoe with its occupants like the islands about us, had its double in the water beneath and this double was again reflected on the rocks, so as we paddled along a ghostly canoe with an Indian at bow and stern, and two fishermen without an occupation, flitted along by our side. It was a weird addition to the unreality of the scene and though it made the Indians very uncomfortable Riley and I stored it away in our memory as the climax of the beautiful things we saw and felt that peaceful Sunday afternoon.

The fish we afterwards found were out around the islands to the left of the entrance and we were not near them. Now that my space is so limited I feel like finding of the dark room built of overcoats and blankets wherein I changed the slides of the camera, and how frightfully hot it was, of the Indian who brought our letters from the camp at Miner's, and how one of them on that same Sunday afternoon caught a six and three quarter pound trout. By-the-way, last week I credited the Professor with catching three trout of three and a quarter pounds each. I don't know how I made the mistake. They were four and a quarter pounds.

Here is a letter I received after I had already corrected my mistake.

DEAR DON,—We protest! We don't mind your theology being hazy, nor your getting the days of the week all mixed up; nor even your transpositions of sunshine and rain—but when it comes to your docking the Professor, the champion fisher of the party, one pound each on the three largest trout caught during our expedition, we rise in a body and demand reparation. To what purpose were those monsters weighed by the medical gentleman from Kansas, then tested by our own trusty steelyards, then measured and differences in length and girth duly noted, and weighed over again? To what purpose the measuring tape-line, the solemn comparison of notes, the agreement to meet in Toronto before a Notary for due verification of the record, when the historian of the party falsifies the weight the wrong way? Such an offence in a fisherman is unpardonable.

(Signed,) PA., RILEY, TOMSING.

Our Sunday night in camp at Virgin Falls was a fitting climax to the day's quiet beauties. The Genius gave us a lecture on the book of Esther, full of original thought and then we talked and slept. Amid talking and sleeping, eating and dreaming how much of our time slipped away unobserved. How little, indeed, of our lifetime is observed either by ourselves or others!

DON.

'Varsity Chat.

The senate has decreed that another supplemental examination—a special, forsooth—shall be held on the second day of the year 1891. This will be to afford "starved" students another opportunity to pass on subjects on which they have failed. A man must take a certain amount of work each year in order to obtain a degree at the end of four years. He is not allowed to carry subjects of one year along with the work of a succeeding year. We get about as much mental training in endeavoring to expound the rules and regulations to one another as we get out of the majority of the lectures. The supplementals, however, used to be considered as the standing college joke but recent developments demonstrate that the humor of such a joke does not lie with the poor unfortunates who get plucked.

*

Our football teams are doing noble work in upholding the honor and distinction of our *alma mater*. We are all delighted with the success of our picked men and those who do not actually participate in manly sports make up so great a lack in general culture by being enthusiastic on behalf of those who achieve success in sports.

*

A number of the grave and wise senators visited the students at the first meeting of the literary society. Mr. J. King, Q.C., Berlin, and Mr. W. Houston of this city, former presidents, were invited to seats on the platform. Mr. King was president in 1866, years before sweet lullabys were sung to all but a few of the students now at 'Varsity. Mr. L. P. Duff, B.A., LL.B., president of the society, has resigned, as he will not be in the city this year. We must get another good man to guide us when we are discussing points of order, for if we are not held in check at such exciting moments we are apt too speak too freely.

*

It is surprising how cramped a man begins to feel when he puts off his sporting suit and dons his Sunday clothing in order to attend a reception or dinner. The annual reception given by the members of the Y. M. C. A. to themselves and all the rest of us is of peculiar interest to the freshman as being the first social outing he has attended in connection with the college. The Y. M. C. A. reception on Monday night was as was expected a capital success. Some of us who are now seniors crept away by ourselves while those assembled were chatting their sweetest and best and we thought of the first reception we had attended in that same hall. How we did dread to hear the words "cheek freshie" as we were about to make our best bow on being introduced to some young lady. Such expressions also as "smile your prettiest now freshman! Be sure and be witty! When you are leaving walk a little backwards and make a graceful bow! Ah! that's a good little boy freshie!" Such was the language of the seniors at Y. M. C. A. receptions when we—the present seniors—were freshmen. It was particularly pleasing to be so instructed in etiquette.

*

K company has been revived and the boys in rifle-green are to be seen on the lawn again, and we are reminded that the great fire has not caused the martial spirit to flee from our halls. So long as there are students there will be admiration for deeds of daring and love for beautiful women.

*

Knox College, one of the chickens under our wings, has more students this year than she can accommodate in her residence. Rev. Dr. Robertson, superintendent of home missions in connection with the Presbyterian Church, says that there is room for a number of young men out west who are willing to preach the gospel.

DRAX ALEEN.

An Ubiquitous Character.

Every one has met the public nuisance, for he is everywhere. You find him in the street car with his feet stretched across the aisle, his breath redolent of tobacco. Sometimes he sings in the cars and cracks jokes taken from the stone age. Then he laughs heartily and calls out the names of streets half a mile beyond. The public nuisance makes his home in the car. He is there most of the time, and sometimes he stands on the last step of the platform, and you have to trample over him to get into the van. On the street he always turns to the left, and whistles Annie Rooney through his teeth. Occasionally he carries an umbrella at an angle which permits its point to poke you in the neck, and at other times he goes along merrily eating bananas, always throwing the husks upon the sidewalk. He frequently visits the theatre. He comes late, walks upon the feet of all the people in the aisle, and as the play goes on repeats in a loud voice to his friend, the words of the comedian on the stage. Then when the curtain falls he stumbles over the same row of feet in his pilgrimage to the saloon, and later on comes tramping back, throwing out an atmosphere of beer and strong waters. His voice is louder than ever as he proceeds with his explanation of the play, and he is serenely unconscious of the severe glances bent upon him from all directions. He is impervious to such mild weapons. Sometimes he completes the list of his fascinations by eating peanuts with crackling shells. Then murderous thoughts fill your souls; you want to kill him. Once in a while you put on your black suit of clothes and walk in the early morning sunshine. The birds are singing, the sky is blue as turquoise and you are almost effervescent in your joy. Then comes the public nuisance from the mouth of an alley and dumps a box of ashes where the dust is sure to blow upon you. He never fails. He is always there. A black suit of clothes never escapes the fiend with the ash box. The fellow is seen in other phases and in other places. He is driving a load of brick in front of a street car when you want to catch a train; he puffs a cigar in the elevator, and always gets off at the top story in the building, and he is running through a crowd to get upon a bridge that is swinging. In the hotel he is always standing beside the desk, scanning the names of guests as fast as they are registered. And, then again, he comes up behind you on the street and playfully bangs his hand upon your back. He takes considerable comfort in whipping a dusty carpet under your window. He also likes to tell you that you look bad, and ought to do something for yourself. Just before he goes to bed he opens the window with a crash and coughs boisterously into the night, so that everybody in the neighborhood will know that he has reached home. The fellow is all around town. Doubtless you meet him at least three times a day in one place or another. He is a character after all, and nobody knows just how we would get along if he were to be taken away from us.—*Waverley Magazine.*

A Popular Fallacy.

Who was it said, "Go west, young man"? Horace Greeley, of course, you will hastily answer. Wrong again. John L. B. Soule was the real author of the saying, and here is how it came about that Greeley was credited with it. In 1851 Soule was editor of the Terre Haute *Express*. One day he and Richard Thompson, afterwards Secretary of War, were conversing in the former's sanctum. Thompson had just finished advising Soule to go west and grow up with the country, and was praising his talents as a writer.

"Why, John," he said, "you could write an article that would be attributed to Horace Greeley if you tried."

"No, I couldn't," responded Mr. Soule, modestly. "I'll bet I couldn't."

"I'll bet a barrel of flour you can, if you'll promise to try your best, the flour to go to some deserving poor person."

"All right; I'll try," responded Soule.

He did try, writing a column editorial on the subject of discussion—the opportunities offered to young men by the West. He started in by saying Horace Greeley could never have given a young man better advice than that contained in the words, "Go West, young man."

Of course, the advice was not quoted from Greely; it was merely compared to what he might have said. But in a few weeks the exchanges began coming into the *Express* office with the epigram accredited to Greeley. So wide a circulation did it obtain that the Chicago New York *Tribune* came out with an editorial reprint of the *Express* article, and the following foot-note:

"The expression of this sentiment has been attributed to the editor of the *Tribune* erroneously. But so fully does he concur in the advice it gives that he indorses heartily the epigrammatic advice of the Terre Haute *Express*, and joins in saying, 'Go west, young man, go west.'"

And in the same way, it was not Lincoln who, when informed that Grant drank too much whisky, retorted, "Tell me what brand it is and I'll send a barrel to the other generals." In a burlesque report by Miles O'Reilly (Charles G. Halpine) of an imaginary banquet supposed to have been given by Belmonte's in the year 1864, these words were put into Lincoln's mouth. They ran through the press as Lincoln's *ipsissima verba*, and to this day it is hard to make people father them on the real author.—*Illustrated American.*

The Dark Continent.

The Dark Continent has been crossed from coast to coast just sixteen times. Here, according to a writer in the French magazine, *Exploration*, is a complete chronological list of the crossings:

1802-1811, from Angola to Tete, on the Lower Zambesi, by the Portuguese Honorate da Casta.

1836-1848, from Mozambique to Benguela, by the Portuguese F. J. Coimbra.

1853-1856, from Benguela to the mouth of the Rovuma, by the Portuguese Silva Porto.

1854-1856, from San Paulo de Loando to Quilimane, by Livingstone.

1865-1866, from Tripolis to the Gulf of Guinea, by the German G. Rohlfs.

1873-1875, from Bagamoyo to Benguela, by Lieutenant Cameron.

1874-1877, from Bagamoyo to the mouth of the Congo, by Henry M. Stanley.

1877-1879, from Benguela to Port Natal, by the Portuguese Serpa Pinto.

1880-1882, from Suakin to the mouth of the Niger, by two Italians, Bianchi and Massari.

1882-1884, from San Paulo de Loando to Saadani, by the German Major Wissmann.

1882-1884, from Port Natal to Benguela, by the Scotch missionary Arnat.

1884-1885, from Mossamedes to Quilimane, by two Portuguese, Capello and Ivana.

1885-1886, from the Stanley Falls to Bagamoyo, by the Swede Lieut. Gleerut.

1885-1887, from the mouth of the Congo to Quilimane, by the Austrian Oscar Lenz.

1887-1890, from the mouth of the Congo to Bagamoyo, by Stanley.

1887-1889, from Angola to Mozambique, by the Frenchman Capt. Trevier.

How a Traveling Man Was Interrupted in a Flirtation.

He was a traveling man, susceptible as is the entire species, and he loitered around the pretty stenographer in the hotel rotunda and talked nonchalantly while she blushed a pretty accompaniment. This thing proceeded until the other traveling men were so jealous their faces looked as if they had apoplectic fits. One of the disgruntled party called a bell boy to him and, slipping a half-dollar piece into his hand, said:

"You go right up to that gentleman talking to the stenographer and say: 'Mr. Smith, your wife has just arrived and would like to see you in the parlor.'"

The bell boy followed his instructions to the letter. The traveling man looked as if some one had hit him with a club, the pretty typewritist shot a glance, an angry glance, at him, and murmuring a few incoherent remarks he sidled toward the desk with an assumed indifference. Upon gaining the ear of the supposed friendly clerk he remarked in an appealing way: "Say, old man, my wife's in the parlor. Just send in a boy and tell her I went to Minneapolis yesterday and won't be back until tomorrow. Ever smoke?"

"Say we do," was the chorus of half-a-dozen traveling men who had quietly glided within hearing distance. They had an opportunity then and there—*Pioneer Press.*

Trifles light as hair make up the wigged world.

BLIND FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER,

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.

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CHAPTER VIII.

FINIS.

It was all over. The mortal remains of poor Callander were laid to rest beside those of the wife he loved too well.

The only members of his family who followed him to the grave were a couple of distant cousins. Mrs. Callander was in a strange state of nervous depression. Henrietta in Paris. Dorothy laid up with a severe attack of low fever. Egerton—no one knew where. Of all the pleasant party that used to assemble at The Knoll, Standish was the sole representative.

Those officers who had any acquaintance with Callander, begged to be allowed to testify their respect by attending his funeral.

Then Standish felt that he could do no more, and the curtain fell upon the last act of the sad drama.

He was profoundly anxious about Dorothy, and greatly feared her strength would not be equal to the strain upon it.

A few days after he had once more settled to the ordinary routine of his life, he paid a visit to the lawyer at his request, for Colonel Callander, a few days before his unexpected death, had by a codicil revoked his appointments of Egerton as executor, and named Standish in his place, requesting that so long as Dorothy was unmarried she should remain with his children.

Together Mr. Brierly and Standish went carefully through the will, which was simple and reasonable enough. He had little more than a competence to leave his children, but that was judiciously disposed. The will had been made just before he went to India, and the only changes in it were since the death of Mabel. Then the wish for Dorothy's superintendence of the children was put in, and Egerton's name substituted for that of Standish. This was again altered as described, and a further appointment of Standish, as guardian of the children, added.

"There is no sign of unsoundness of intellect in this," said the lawyer, folding up the document as he spoke. "Yet I must confess there was much in our poor friend's manner and conduct latterly which showed that he had somewhat lost his mental balance. Anxiety for young wife's strange and dreadful end supervening on the impaired condition of his health, would account for much. As we are speaking confidentially, and are equally interested in my client, may I venture to ask if it has ever occurred to you that his death was voluntary?"

"Yes, it has occurred to me; but, on reflection, I have rejected the idea. The only letter I had from him for some time was just before his death, and in it he spoke of ulterior objects, for which he wished to live. He seemed to have fully intended returning to breakfast that morning. No! I do not think we are at all justified in supposing him guilty of suicide."

"I am glad to hear you say so," returned the lawyer; "but he had certainly been for some time in a remarkable state of nervous tension."

"He was, indeed." There was silence for some moments.

Then Brierly resumed: "It has been an extraordinary affair altogether. I don't suppose we'll ever find the murderer!"

"No; I don't suppose we shall. There never was much chance of it."

"I am very glad Colonel Callander put your name in as executor and guardian. Mr. Egerton was too much a man of fashion and of pleasure for the office, though a very sincere friend—quite devoted."

"Yes, remarkably so!"

After a little further conversation, Standish left him, and walked towards his own lodgings in somewhat deep thought.

He was uneasy about Dorothy, who had not left her room since the day he had broken the news of Callander's disappearance to her. She was very weak, Mrs. McHugh reported, and apparently quite content to lie still, without a desire for anything.

Certainly the doctor assured him there was no need for alarm. It was the usual reaction after prostration. As soon as the weather was a little warmer, they must get her away. If fresh scenes, new interests, could be presented, this would, no doubt, effectually restore tone and vitality.

"I wonder if she has any girlish fancy for that young Fortescue? He is a nice young fellow, and in the midst of her grief about Callander, she thought of the pleasure his company had given her. But he is a mere boy, by no means a fit mate for a girl whose mind is as mature as Dorothy's, and quite incapable of appreciating her. What an age it is since I have seen her, and nurse says she will not be down for three or four days." Then his thoughts wandered to Dillon. His silence and non-appearance puzzled Standish. He certainly was not likely to renounce the claim he had made for hush money. He must know well that Colonel Callander's family would shield the reputation of the dead as carefully as they would have guarded the safety of the living. He was up to some mischief. "I should like to see him," mused Standish; "but I shall not seek him. He will be sure to present himself. He has been well paid so far, but I should like to be sure of his silence. The awful truth must never come out. It is humiliating to think that we are at the mercy of such a scamp as Dillon. But he must be silenced."

Standish hailed a hansom and drove to his own abode. As sometimes happens, he found his thoughts had been prophetic. The servant of the house, hearing his latch-key in the lock, came out of the front parlor. "If you please, sir," presenting a card, "the gentleman said he would call again."

"If he does, show him up," returned Standish, reading the inscription, "Luke C. Dillon."

"I shall be at home most of the afternoon."

"The decisive moment has come a little sooner than I expected," said Standish, as he sat down to his writing-table. "How shall I deal with the fellow! He is really master of the situation. I don't want to hold any communication with Mrs. Callander. In spite of all the mischief she has done, I am rather sorry for her. Her son's confession must have been a deadly blow—a blow that must have shattered her pride and ambition, and yet the only affection she was capable of a source of torture."

He began a letter to Henrietta, for he was anxious that she should return to her temporary home and to Dorothy.

His meditations were cut short by the announcement of "Mr. Dillon," and the detective entered, fresh, cool, self-satisfied, and red as ever.

"Good morning!" said Standish, rising.

"Good afternoon!" returned Dillon, and both sat down opposite each other, with civil faces and watchful eyes.

"Thought I'd look you up," began the detective. "You'll have been wondering what has become of me!"

"Well, no! You see, there is nothing more to do, as—" Standish paused.

"Just so! Nothing more to do—and a pretty tidy job I made of it, eh, Mr. Standish?"

"I readily acknowledge your remarkable ability," returned Standish cautiously.

Dillon laughed a short laugh, as if he did not value the compliment.

"Well, sir, the poor gentleman made away with himself sooner than I expected."

"How do you know he made away with himself?"

"Why, Mr. Standish, you and I, who know the whole truth, need not beat about the bush when we are face to face, and no witnesses by. I daresay there's doubt enough as to intention to entitle you to deny it was suicide, but what you think is another pair of shoes. Between you and me, it's the best thing the poor fellow could have done! His life was over—any life worth living—so he was right to get shut of it."

"We need not discuss the question," returned Standish, haughtily. "It is not likely to agree on abstract questions."

"Like enough!" with careless superiority. "Now the reason I have called is to show you that I have a good deal of what I believe you top sawyers call delicate consideration, mixed with a due regard for my own interest." He paused.

"Pray continue; I am much interested."

"You don't look so pressed for money, when last you and I had a talk, Mr. Standish, we differed about one or two trifles. One was the amount due to me for information which would certainly lead to the discovery of the murderer, and also for an undertaking to hold my tongue as to the same. Now on reflection I decided not to trouble you. You were not of the family, you could not be exactly a judge of how far their feelings would urge them, so I just crossed over to Paris and asked the old lady, Mrs. Callander, to grant me the honor of an interview."

"You did!" cried Standish. "This is exactly what I should have wished to have spared her!"

"I daresay, but I suspect the old lady would rather do business with me, anyway, she saw me pretty quick. Lord, what a taking she was in—shaking like an aspen! She is just fifteen years older than when I last saw her. She's dying by inches, of fright. She soon let out that her son had confessed his crime, and that she was ready to pay me any amount if she could only ensure my silence. But I am a man of principle, Mr. Standish, always was; so I kept down the figure, and told her that two thou. was heavy enough to sink the whole business deep down out of sight for ever. She was quite amenable to reason, not to say in a hurry to draw me a cheque, and wished to add a trifle for traveling expenses. However, I directed her how the matter was to be done; not all in a lump to create suspicion. That's neither here nor there—any way, I have bagged the cash. Fortunately I got the matter settled before the news of the Colonel's death reached her." Dillon paused, but Standish did not speak. Had he opened his lips, he felt sure his words would not have been complimentary. After waiting with expectant eyes, Dillon resumed once more:

"I thought it right to tell you this, and as I am just going to start for Australia on a curious lay—to let you know that all's square, needn't tell you as I am a man of honor, that you may make your minds easy, the family secret is safe with me."

"Unless," replied Standish, yielding to an irresistible impulse, "some one offers you three thousand for it."

Dillon smiled, not an amiable smile. "No, Mr. Standish, my character for secrecy and reliability is worth more than that!" He rose, and so did Standish. "Now, I've finished with you, and so I'll bid you good-bye; but I'll not be so uncivil as to put you to the necessity of refusing my hand; though it's a curious contradiction that you disdain the man whose work is so necessary to you in your straits."

"It would be less a problem to you, Mr. Dillon, if you cared to remember that there are more methods than one of doing the work; a grain or two more of disinterestedness alters the aspect of things wonderfully."

"Faith, may be so. Good morning, sir, and if ever any enemy wants you, for any little delinquency, pray God he may not put me on your track!" With a defiant nod Dillon left the room, and by an instinctive action, Standish threw open the window as if to breathe purer air.

"The day drags on, though storms keep out the sun," and spring was now far enough advanced to make Standish think it was time that Henrietta Oakeley took Dorothy to Switzerland or North Italy. She had been full of the scheme at first, but for the last week or two seemed disposed to postpone their departure, till Standish determined to go and settle the date at which they should start for Brussels, a town Dorothy wished to visit.

It was a fine, bright Saturday in mid April, when Standish drove up to the well-known house in Prince's place.

"Miss Oakeley was not at home," said the mournful Collins, "but Miss Wynn is in the drawing-room."

The room looked delightfully home-like; the bright sunshine tempered by outside blinds, the atmosphere redolent of violets. Dorothy was at the piano when Standish came in, and rose with a quiet smile to shake hands with him. She looked less delicately pale than formerly; there was a pale, bell-like pinky tinge in her cheeks, but her great dark grey eyes were more pathetic than ever.

"I am glad to see you at the piano once more, Dorothy," said Standish. "You are a good girl to try and get over your morbid feelings."

"Yes, I must conquer my dread of hearing music," she said, with a slight sigh, "though I don't like to think it is morbid. But if I do not resume, it will take too strong a hold on me. It will not do to be melancholy with those poor dear children."

"No, certainly not. You are looking better, my dear ward," still holding her hand.

"I am gaining strength," she returned, gently withdrawing it. "This is the occupation that cheers and soothes me most. I must have the soul of a seamstress," and opening a work-basket, she drew out a little white embroidered frock, half made. "This is for Dolly. I am taking lessons from dear old nurse, who is a past mistress of needlework." She displayed it with a smile, then seated herself on a low basket-chair, and began to ply the needle.

Standish leaned on the end of the sofa, and looked at her with tender regret for the young days which sorrow had so deeply shaded.

"It is time you were away in some sunny new place. Where is Henrietta? I am determined to put matter en train to-day, and we can do nothing decided without her."

"I am afraid you will not see Henrietta today, nor to-morrow either; she has just gone down to stay with Lady Kilruddery at Twickenham, till Monday."

"Lady Kilruddery! I did not know she was a friend of Henrietta's!"

"She is coming to be more than a friend," said Dorothy, with a gleam of her former fun in her eyes.

"She told me a wonderful tale this morning. She has accepted Major St. John."

"Is it possible!" cried Standish.

"Yes: that was what I said, and you know Henrietta's frank, outspoken way. I really think it is the best thing I can do," she said. 'He is nice looking, and quite fond of me. Then, his eldest brother, who invalids, you know, died about six weeks ago, so Major St. John will be Lord Kilruddery; indeed, he said he would not have had the face to ask me but for this. It sounds horrid," she added, 'but there is really no harm in it.' So she has gone down to stay with her future mother-in-law. She says she is getting sick of living by herself, and as everything has been miserable of late, she wants a fresh interest; then she is told that Tri-bines make rather pleasant husbands, and she will take care he does not squander her money.

"This is, indeed, a piece of news! I hope she will be happy; she is a good soul, though a little flighty," said Standish.

"Yes; very good. How kind she has been to me! I like her so much that I am in a way vexed and disappointed that she should treat such an awfully serious affair as marriage so lightly and carelessly. Just think of being tied for life to Major St. John!"

"There are worse fellows. He will let Henrietta do as she likes, and I think he admires her."

"Ah, well!" Dorothy slightly shrugged her shoulders, and put her head on one side with an air of disapprobation.

"I should like to know more of your ideas on this important subject, Dorothy," said Standish, smiling. "You have withdrawn your confidence from me of late."

"Oh, no," carelessly. "Whenever I fall desperately in love, I shall come and tell you, of course."

Standish did not reply, and Dorothy looked up.

"Why, Paul, how ill and worn you look!" she exclaimed in quite a different tone. "Are you ill?"

"Physically, I am quite well; mentally, ill at ease," he returned, and, walking to the fireplace, he stood leaning against the side of the mantelpiece.

"I've got promotion at last, Dorothy. I am to be secretary of legation at C——."

"At C——! And how long are you to stay there?"

"That I am not sure—three years, at least."

"Dorothy did not speak. She began to fold up her work with unsteady hands, and grew very white, to her lips.

"Three years, Paul! That is a lifetime. Henrietta married and you away! What—what is to become of me?"

"We must arrange something for you, Dorothy," he said, in an odd, absent manner. "I shall not go for a month or six weeks." He paused. Dorothy rose and went to the window, as if to escape his eyes.

"Though you would not confide in me, Dorothy," he resumed in a low, earnest tone, "do you care to hear a confession of—well, I fear I must call it weakness—from me?"

"Of course I do," she said, while an awful thought flashed across her brain. "I'm sure I say he is in love with Henrietta! She believed he was."

"Do you I daresay it will seem folly in a man who has left youth behind him," continued Standish, grasping the top of a chair near him with a nervous grip, "but I have fallen, no, rushed headlong into love, deep and intense, perhaps, than many a younger fellow could feel, with a girl almost young enough to be my daughter. I don't know that a very one would think her a beauty; to me, no other face or form was ever so—so fascinating. To sit and watch the endless changes of the one, the grace of the other, is happiness to me. She has her faults; she is a little hasty, a little self-willed; but so true, so generous, so unselfish, so kind to me, when she has known all her life. I see her sweet sad eyes brighten when I come near, but dare I hope it is anything beyond the almost filial affection which might be her natural feeling for me, that speaks in them? Shall I ask her to be my wife? Is it not possible that for kindness, gratitude, pity's sake, she might say yes, when nature might dictate no? Can I trust her to be true to herself as well as to me?

"Let me confess, too, before I answer," returned Dorothy, clasping and twisting her fingers nervously, while her heart beat so fast it stirred the folds of her black dress. "I, too, have been foolish, for I have been very unhappy, because I am ashamed of loving one who could only think of me as a half-formed, incomplete creature, to whom, however good he might be, I could only be an object of charity in the way of affection or regard. To know he loved me—" Breath and utterance failed her.

"And his name?" cried Standish, impetuously seizing her cold, trembling hands.

"Is Paul," whispered Dorothy, as she gave her soft mouth to his and leant unresistingly against his breast, locked in a tender loving embrace.

It is well that in this brief, troubled life of ours, moments of pure and unalloyed delight are given once or twice in its chequered course. They may be but short, yet they remain a blessed memory, in heart and mind, like a strain of heavenly music.

"Long, long be our hearts with such memories filled,
Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled.
You may break—you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still."

After a delightful interval spant in a rather disconnected and interjectional review of past experiences, doubts, fears, and mistakes, the lovers came partly down to earth. The influence of their old free happy companionship enabled them to speak with complete frankness.

"To think of being always with you, never to be alone and adrift any more! It is wonderful!" murmured Dorothy.

"Wonderful and heavenly, Dorothy! Then, my darling, you will come with me at once? In this sad mourning our wedding needs no parade, no preparation, and we know each other so well."

"Yes; that is best of all. I will do whatever you think best. But Paul, dear Paul—what about the poor dear children? I must not part with them."

"Why should you? We will take them with us. C—— may be very cold, but the climate is dry and healthy. We will take all possible care of them and they will develop into energetic, vigorous young Scandinavians."

"Ah, had our dear Mabel and Herbert lived! How glad they would have been to see us united. If that cruel, dread—Randal Egerton——"

"Hush, dear Dorothy; do not think of him to-day. Put him out of your mind altogether. There is a Judge who knows the measure of his guilt, and can mete out punishment more just, more subtle, than any we could devise."

THE END.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column" SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

JEMBO.—If you want writing read, why do you send bad printing?

ALEXANDRA.—Self hness, decision and tact are shown in your writing.

DONALDA.—You are fickle, independent, a little vain, ambitious and careless.

TENNYSON.—You are deliberate in action, brave, systematic, cordial and sincere.

JOYCE.—This writing indicates sympathy, generosity, self-esteem and indecision.

KITTIE, Belleville.—You are frank, sensitive, happy-hearted, generous and willful.

JAW'S HAIT.—Delicacy of feeling, energy, considerable self-will, ambition and caution.

BETTY PRISOLE.—Your writing shows neatness, thoughtfulness, indecision and caution.

SYLVAN SUBURB.—This writing shows wit, originality, selfishness, shrewdness and caution.

RHODA.—You are timid, cautious, sensitive, fond of flattery, a little careless and too indecisive.

GUINEVERE, Windsor.—Your writing shows perseverance, hasty temper, vanity, reliance and self-esteem.

LASSIE.—You are pushing, self-reliant, rather sensitive, unselfish, firm, and possess good intuitive perception.

W. S.—Energy, tact, romance of feeling, much honesty of purpose and some vanity are shown in your writing.

GRACIA, Duluth.—You are impulsive, genial, hasty in temper, very talkative, industrious and tender-hearted.

MIDDLETON, Hazelbrook.—You are systematic, rather reserved, a little selfish, somewhat vain, but very just.

ALWAYS IN A HURRY.—You are tender, earnest, frank, cordial and too indecisive. Some self-will is also shown.

WILLIE, Duluth.—Your writing indicates a lack of order, fondness for social life, candor and an affectionate disposition.

MARK TAPLEY.—Your writing indicates a genial disposition, unselfishness, fair decision, self-reliance, justice and hope.

STANLEY, Belleville.—You have intuition well marked, mirth, impulse, an unostentatious nature and great powers of endurance.

MAGGIE.—Impulsiveness, lack of order, fondness for display and strong self will are the prominent characteristics of your writing.

CONSTANT READER, Catharines.—You are quick in speech and action, very vain, sensitive, self-willed, sympathetic and ostentatious.

LORNA DOOM, Woodstock.—You are probably loquacious, brisk in movement, reckless, generous, sensitive, mirthful and kind-hearted.

ASSINIBOIA, Windsor.—Reserve, a practical nature, a methodical mind, some selfishness and ambition are strongly marked in this writing.

HAZEL.—Reticence, caution.—Your writing indicates a practical mind, tenacity of purpose, sense of honor, independence of thought and caution.

CONSTANT.—You are exceptionally neat, possess good reasoning powers, fair ambition, tenacity of purpose and are witha retiring and somewhat selfish.

ELSIE, Madoc.—Impulsive, carelessness, warmth of heart, indecision, a restless temperament and hesitation to despondency are prominent characteristics of your writing.

SANGUINETTA.—I must beg you to use another name if you write again. This belongs by rights to one of our other. Your writing indicates resolution, tact, candor, justice, distinct of ostentation and a steady ambition

VANITIE.—Try ammonia instead of bluing, and brush your hair for fifteen minutes a day. If you use ammonia, get the bloody Houndstooth and follow directions given. It will make you and your friend, whenever you think I can help you.

DOT.—I am sorry your last did not reach me. You should address to Correspondence Column, SATURDAY NIGHT Office. The writing displays earnestness, energy, self-esteem, independence of thought and a rather willful nature.

GEOFFREY HAMPSTEAD, Cobourg.—Boss will be worn, though the stylish capes and collarettes with the *medici* collars are very much in vogue. The writing indicates intuitive perception, some flippancy, energy and persevernce.

ELEANOR ISABELLE, St. Thomas.—You are probably energetic, rather thoughtless, ambitious and sincere. Molly Bawn is more impulsive, generous and self willed. Annie Rooney is jovial in manner, unaffected, sympathetic and loquacious.

SUBSCRIBER.—The Queen's children are as follows: Prince of Wales, Princess Alice (died 1878), Prince Alfred Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Helen, Princess Louise, Prince Arthur Duke of Connaught, Prince Leopold Duke of Albany (died 1884) and Princess Beatrice.

KATE V.—You write an abominable hand, and I have only guessed at your name. If the first letter is really "K" it must be a confirmed inebriate. The writing shows ambition, carelessness, much self-will, good deductive judgment and fondness for the expressed esteem of those about you.

EVANGELINE.—I am afraid I cannot agree that marriages are made in heaven. Facts and experience will with the theory. Of course all things are fore-ordained, but why marriages especially? 2. Your writing displays tact, resolution, self-esteem, cordiality, an erratic disposition and some ambition.

SHORT AND TALL, Lindsay.—Light, No. 1. The eyes show tenderness and a langour which approaches laziness; the brow indicates an amiable disposition; the eyebrows show sympathy; the nose, sensitiveness; the mouth, indecision, mirth and flippancy. The chin is self-willed. The other photograph shows shrewdness by the eyes, practical ability by the brows, and caution, cheerfulness and perseverance by the mouth.

The Education of a Calliope.

Grogan the Newsdealer—That's right, dar-lin; your doin' shplendid, an' Oi wouldn' shtop yez fer th' wur-rid. Wan more good jell now, that's th' bye.

The Baby (fifteen years later)—E-x-t-r-a!!!"—*Judge.*

SURPRISE
Washday
SURPRISE
EVERY WOMAN S
Can save half the time and toil of wash day and be fresh and strong. Can have clothes sweet, snowy white, without yellow. Elegant for baths, cotton not rot, nor hands chap, but soft and white. Use the "Surprise" way. No boiling or scalding. Remarkable! Try it!
READ THE DIRECTIONS ON THE WRAPPER.
St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co. St. Stephen, N. B. SOAP
Send us 25 SURPRISE wrappers and receive a beautiful engravure.

SAVOY HOTEL
Victoria Embankment
LONDON
"The Hotel de Luxe of the World."
MAGNIFICENT RIVER VIEW
LUXURIOUS SUITES WITH
BATH ROOMS
SHADED ELECTRIC LIGHT EVERY-WHERE. NO GAS.
SAVOY RESTAURANT
WITH LARGE TERRACE. THE FINEST AND ONLY OPEN-AIR RESTAURANT IN LONDON.
Overlooking the Embankment and Gardens.
THE CUISINE RIVALS THE MOST FAMOUS CONTINENTAL AND AMERICAN RESTAURANTS.
Chef de Cuisine, M. ESCOFFIER.
Acting Manager, M. ECHENARD.
General Manager M. RITZ.

CARTER'S
LITTLE LIVER PILLS
CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing
SICK
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in many ways, yet they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our Pills cure while others do not.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

The ALE and STOUT of JOHN LABATT, LONDON, is undoubtedly the BEST.
TRY IT
JAMES GOOD & CO.
Sole Agents, Toronto

The Wonder of The Age
A NEW ECLIPSE Improved DYES for HOME DYEING
Nothing but Water — required in using —
10c a package. For sale everywhere. If dealer tries to sell you something else, send direct to the manufacturers.
J. S. ROBERTSON & CO., MONTREAL.

HOFFMAN'S HARMLESS HEADACHE POWDERS
ALL HEADACHE, and act as a
ACHE
In the morning, whether the head is affected by weak nerves or from the effects of liquor taken the night before.
They are not a Cathartic.

Jewell & Kinnear
COLBORNE STREET

The merchants and professional gentlemen of Toronto prefer to lunch at the Colborne Street restaurant, where everything is under Mr. Fred Jewell's personal supervision, to going where they would not find the same individual attention. Cuisine first-class.
JEWELL & KINNEAR

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WILHELM MENCKE MAKES TWO DISCOVERIES.

When Violet awoke the next morning she experienced a feeling of relief and freedom at which she was at first surprised and puzzled. But, as she thought over what had occurred the previous evening, she realized why it was. She could now see that, although she had been unconscious of the fact to any marked extent, there had been a restraint, an indescribable feeling of dread—of what, she could not have told—whenever she was alone with Mr. Lawrence, or the recipient of his marked attention. Now that he had confessed his feelings for her, and they had come to a confidential understanding, that feeling of restraint had entirely disappeared, and she was content and happy in the knowledge that she could look up and rely upon him as a tried and trusted friend.

One day Mr. Lawrence came home early, bringing tickets for a matinee of the opera Martha. He was ever ready to gratify Bertha's passionate love of music by giving her an opportunity to hear all the best talent, and during the season they made it a point of attending some performance once or twice every week, while Miss Bertha, supplied with a pair of powerful glasses that had been made especially for her, was in her element upon these occasions.

They were to hear a favorite artist to-day, and all appeared to be in the best of spirits in anticipation of the treat in store for them.

Violet was looking unusually pretty, in spite of her somber attire, for, although she had never assumed the mourning of a widow she had dressed in black, or white, ever since her flight from Mentone.

It was very becoming to her, with her golden hair and fair complexion, and to day there was a finer color than usual in her cheeks, while she wore a corsage-bouquet of exquisite chrysanthemums, white as clustered snowflakes, which Mr. Lawrence had brought home to her, and many an eye turned a second admiring glance upon her as she alighted from the elegant carriage of her escort and followed him into the Academy of Music.

There was one pair of eyes which lighted with a quick flash of triumph as they caught sight of and recognized her.

They belonged to a bloated, gross-looking man, who was lounging in the shadow of a bill board, watching, with a sort of stolid curiosity, the arrival of the many pleasure seekers, and who exclaimed, with a chuckle of exultation, as the girl disappeared from view:

"Aha, my pretty Violet, at last I have cornered you!"

It was, as may be surmised, no other than Wilhelm Mencke, more coarse, more repulsive than ever, and for six months he had been vainly trying to ferret out Violet who he had begun to fear had left the city, for he had never caught a second glimpse of her until this moment.

Having made this important and unexpected di-covery, his next thought was to ascertain the name of the gentleman with whom he had seen her, and, with this end in view, he sauntered leisurely out from his hiding-place toward the elegant turn-out from which Violet had just alighted, and which he affected to admire exceedingly.

"Humph! A fine pair of horses you have there," he remarked to the dignified coachman upon the box, as he patted the satin-smooth neck of the animal nearest him. "It must be rather enjoyable to drive a couple of high-steppers like these; they cost a cool thousand, I'll warrant."

The high-toned driver bestowed a somewhat scornful glance upon the shabby, vulgar-looking man; but no lover of good horseflesh can listen to such praise of the objects of his especial pride and be indifferent to the flattery.

"There ain't a better pair o' carriage horses in New York," he said, briefly, bestowing an affectionate glance upon the handsome bays.

"They are beauties, that's a fact," said Wilhelm Mencke, admiringly; "the whole turn-out isn't to be sneezed at. Your governor must have plenty of cash to sport it—a good judge of horseflesh, too. Do you mind telling me who's the owner?"

"H. L. Lawrence, Esq.," was the curt but somewhat consequential reply.

"What! the banker!"

"Yes."

"Oho! I've heard of him. Where does he live?"

"No—Fifth avenue."

"Whew! Rich, isn't he?"

"Rather!" replied the coachman, loftily, and with significant emphasis upon the adverb, as he gathered up his reins preparatory to driving on, while Wilhelm Mencke, having accomplished his object, waddled toward the Academy of Music entrance, where, after purchasing a ticket and securing a pair of glasses, he sought his seat in the second circle and set himself at work to seek Violet in the dense throng beneath him, and watch her movements throughout the entertainment.

He espied her after a while, sitting in the front row of the first balcony, and from that moment he scarcely took his eyes from her face until the opera was over, when he hastened out, and taking up his position again behind the bill-board, watched until Mr. Lawrence's party emerged from the main building, and, entering their carriage, drove away.

Then, with a jubilant chuckle over his cleverness, and planning to make his discovery work to his own advantage, the man went on his way toward his own miserable quarters.

Proceeding slowly down the street, in an opposite direction from that taken by Mr. Lawrence's driver, and revolving how he could best make Violet a means to bring him money, his eye chanced to light upon a sign which had never attracted his attention before, although he had passed that way many times.

"Harlow & Richardson, Architects," he read, and then stopping short, he stared blankly at the names for several moments.

"Richardson! Richardson! It can't be possible it is that chap," he muttered, with a scowl. "If he is here in the city and they should come together, my fat would be all in the fire. I've got to make my wits support me, and Violet, being in the family, is legitimate prey. She believes that young Richardson is dead, and it will be for my interest to have her continue to think so. I must look this matter up."

It was after five o'clock, but, though the man was sufficiently the worse for usual drink, he was so eager to satisfy his curiosity regarding the firm whose sign he had just discovered, he decided to forego the gratification of his potations for a season, and learn the truth of his suspicions.

He therefore posted himself in a door-way, near by, to watch the entrance to the architects' office; he reasoned, would be hours were nearly over, and both clerks and employers would soon be going home for the night.

Not was he disappointed, for in less than fifteen minutes, a young man, of perhaps twenty years, issued from the building, and Wilhelm Mencke, assuming as respectable an air as possible, accosted him and inquired if either Mr. Harlow or Mr. Richardson was in the office.

"Yes," the clerk replied, regarding his questioner somewhat curiously; "Mr. Richardson came in about half an hour ago."

"Is it too late to consult with him upon a matter of business?" Mr. Mencke inquired.

"No—I think he could attend to you, if you wish to see him, although he has had a very busy day."

"All right; thank you—I think I'll go up. By the way," added Mr. Mencke, as he was about to enter the building, "what is Mr. Richardson's full name?"

"W. H. Richardson."

"Ah, yes; the W. is for Wallace, I believe—that is, if he is the man I used to know. Quite a young man, isn't he?"

"About twenty-four or five. I should say," returned the clerk, wondering what the genteelly and dignified Mr. Richardson should have had in common with this coarse-looking man.

"Smart fellow, or used to be," remarked Mr. Mencke, sententiously.

"Indeed he is," animatedly returned the young man, with whom Wallace was evidently a great favorite, "there are few men of his age who are so well posted in their profession as Mr. Richardson is, both theoretically and practically."

"That is so, that is so," said Wilhelm Mencke, wisely, as if he was thoroughly acquainted with Wallace's accomplishments. "The firm is doing a good business, I suppose."

"Yes, indeed, their business has increased nearly fifty per cent. during the last year, and they have more orders for the next twelve months than they can fill, unless they increase their office force."

"Well, well, they must be getting rich, then," said the inquisitive Mencke, but none too well pleased with the information he had gained.

"Yes, if business continues as good during the next five years they will make their fortune; but," added the voluble young man, beginning to think he was talking too freely of his employers' affairs, "it is my grub time and I must be off. You'll find Mr. Richardson up one flight, first door on the right. Good evening," and turning abruptly away, he walked rapidly down the street.

Wilhelm Mencke felt far from comfortable standing out there in the cold, in his thin overcoat and otherwise shabby attire, after gaining the above information.

He, who had once lived in affluence and scorned this rising young architect on account of his poverty, was now homeless, almost penniless, and shivering with cold outside the elegant building, where the man whom he hated and had wronged, was steadily mounting the ladder of prosperity, and building up a name and fame that promised to shine among the brightest lights of his profession.

These thoughts were humiliating in the extreme, and made him shrink and cringe with mortification, envy and anger.

"I'd like to see for myself how he is getting on," he muttered, with a sullen frown. "I'm half a mind to go inside and wait until he comes out."

He entered the building, and began slowly to mount the stairs, marking, as he went, the handsomely furnished and well-lighted hall.

"Up one flight, first door on the right," he repeated, musingly. "Must cost something for office rent in a building like this."

He had reached the second landing, but for some reason, or from some oversight, this hall had not yet been lighted, and was comparatively dark. The neglect, however, proved better for Wilhelm Mencke's purpose, for upon reaching the door to which he had been directed, and finding that the upper panels were of glass, he could plainly see the interior of the architect's office, and all that was going on therein.

It was a handsome apartment, large, airy, well furnished, and brilliantly lighted. There were four or five draughting tables set out standing in different portions of the room. A pretty carpet of modest colors was upon the floor, a few comfortable-looking chairs, with handsomely-carved backs and upholstered make, were scattered about, while a few fine engravings, richly framed, hung upon the walls.

Opposite him, and with the door standing open, there was another room—evidently a private office—and this, he could see of it, was even more luxuriously furnished.

"What a jump for that young beggar to make in less than two years!" muttered the million pork-packer, with an angry scowl, "and there he is now, as I am alive," he continued as a fine-looking, well-dressed gentleman suddenly emerged from the inner room and approached a clerk sitting at one of the desks.

Yes, it was indeed Wallace, looking more manly than ever, yet with a certain air about him which told that he had known sorrow. His bearing was gentlemanly and dignified, and it was plainly to be seen that the clerk, though he was an older man than himself, regarded him with deep respect and good will.

Wallace finished what he had to say to his clerk—which was evidently something connected with the drawings he was working upon—and then disappeared again within his private office.

He reappeared, however, almost immediately, wearing a handsome overcoat, and with his hat in his hand, while he was closely followed by another man.

"Lord Cameron, as sure as I'm a Dutchman!" cried the watcher outside, under his breath, and he saw that they were making directly for the door where he stood.

He shuffled away from his position, around to the foot of the next flight of stairs, where he would be concealed from their sight, and the next moment Wallace and his companion emerged from the office.

"Richardson, I am delighted over your success," the listener heard Lord Cameron say, as the two young men went down stairs together. "You are fast mounting to the top of the ladder, and I shall expect to find you at the very summit the next time I come to America."

"Well, of course I intend to improve my opportunities to the utmost," Wallace replied. "It has always been my aim to do thoroughly whatever I undertake, and I mean to attain to as fine a position and make my name as famous as possible. But," with a heavy sigh, "beyond the satisfaction to be gained by conquering difficulties and achieving my object, it will not amount to much, for I have no one with whom to share my honors."

Lord Cameron made some low-voiced, sympathetic reply, which Wilhelm Mencke could not catch, for he strained his ears to their utmost to do so, and then the two friends, arm in arm, went forth into the street.

The eavesdropper hastened after them as fast as his bulky proportions would permit, and followed them up town for some distance, and finally saw them enter the Windsor Hotel together.

It is impossible to describe the feeling of mingled humiliation and spleen which raged in the breast of Wilhelm Mencke, as he watched them disappear within the brilliantly lighted entrance, into warmth and luxury, while he turned down the street and made his way toward the miserable and comfortless room which was now his only home.

The contrast of his present position with that of the young man, whom he had held in such contempt two years previous, was mortifying and terribly exasperating to his jealous nature.

He had always recognized the fact that Wallace was, by far, his superior in point of intellect, natural refinement, and culture, while, as far as personal appearance was concerned, he certainly was not a gainer by comparison.

Wallace had been reared under the refining influence of cultured and Christian parents, and this advantage had served to mold his whole life, keeping him pure and noble, even in the midst of poverty and hardships.

Wilhelm Mencke, on the other hand, had drifted to Cincinnati a coarse, unlettered youth, whose early life had been tainted by the example of an intemperate father and mother, and whose chief aim was to get rich, no matter how. He had found employment in a pork-packing establishment, and finally won a foothold in the family of his employer by consummating an elopement with his daughter, whose fortune and assured position had alone given him the *entree* to the better circles of the city.

But, with his money all wasted and left to himself, his real nature now asserted itself, and he sank to the level from which he had sprung.

Still he had pride enough left to sting him severely when he was compelled to realize the contrast of his present position with that of the once "poverty-stricken carpenter," who had dared to aspire to the hand of his wife's sister.

"It is very strange that he and Violet should have both been in New York for so many months and never met," he muttered, as he went on his way. "They shall not meet if I can help it. I hate the young upstart, and I will do all I can to keep them apart. I can manage to bleed both of them in this way, perhaps, while I could never get a penny from either if they should come together; for Violet hasn't much love for me now, and would never forgive me if she should discover how she had been deceived about his death. It is lucky for me that I have those trinkets, which I helped myself to before I left London. It is a wonder, though, that I have never pawned them; but somehow she seemed to haunt me whenever I thought of doing so; but I'll warrant hell pay me well for them—poor lackadaisical fool! 'No one to share his honors'—bah! It is lucky for him that he does not think of marrying one of the fine girls of New York. I wish he would take a notion to; he'd be in a fine pickle then, and I should have a nice hold upon him—I could bleed him then within an inch of his life."

(To be Continued.)

The eyes can be fitted accurately with spectacles at Brown's, No. 110 Yonge street. No charge for testing the eyes.

Ghosts of Old Almanacs

It is well to aim high; but success comes oftenest to the man who aims straight.

Her husband called the new nurse "birdie,"
A title which was doubtless true.
His wife she happened to hear him at it,
And out the door she "birdie" flew.

Temperance Reformer—Have you ever taken the pledge? Toper—No; but I've taken everything else.

Adams—Well, Jones, been getting drunk again? Jones (angrily)—That's my business. Adams (pleasantly)—So I understand.

Some men are born bald—others achieve baldness, and others get married.

It shouldn't be so, but it is always more or less unpleasant to "settle up." Even the heavens weep when the Equinox evens up day and night.

Doctor—Your services are required at Mr. Poorman's late residence. He died this morning.

Undertaker—How much did he leave?

"Not over $1,000."

"What will your bill be?

"About $400."

"Well, I'll bury him for the rest."

It was an editor who called on the bartender for a little more inside matter.

"I'm afraid, Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher, rather severely, "that I will never meet you in heaven." "Why? What have you been doin' now?"

Lady (paying for repairs on her husband's watch)—What ailed it? Jeweler—A hair was tangled in with the escapement. Lady (anxiously)—What color? Jeweler—Exactly the color of yours.

He—I don't think much of Mr. Van Cooth, he's so reserved in his manners. She—Yes, indeed. He's reserved them so long that they've grown rusty.

"Do you believe that absence makes the heart grow fonder, Mrs. H.?" asked Mr. Henpeck.

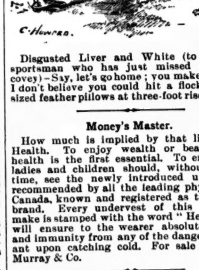
"I dun no. I might scare up some liking for you if you'd go away for about three hundred years."

Miss Canvasback—How do you give your little doggie exercise.

Miss Redhead—I speak kindly to him, and he wags his tail.

Miss Teemer (after the gang-plank slipped) Oh! good Lord, save me! save me! Don't let me d-drown!

Bill the Boatman—Excuse me, lady, but if you'll shet your mouth a minnit you'll help him like thunder.



Disgusted Liver and White (to would-be sportsman who has just missed his sixth covey)—Say, let's go home; you make me tired. I don't believe you could hit a flock of large-sized feather pillows at three-foot rise.—*Life.*

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Talking by Taps.

"Do you know how many more ways telegraphers have of communicating among themselves than ordinary folk?" a young female operator asked a friend.

"No."

"Well, I will tell you. Not long ago, in a crowded house, I saw an associate to whom I very much wished to say a few words. She was within easy hearing distance of me, but I could not get close enough to her seat to whisper what I wished to say, and I could not even catch her eye. Suddenly I thought of something. I noticed that the frame of the chair in which I was sitting was iron. I took my latch-key out of my pocket, and striking the frame of the chair tapped out her full name. Her practised ear caught the sounds at once. She turned and saw me. Then I tapped out my message on the rim of my chair. She took her key from her pocket and sent an answer in the same way. Not a word was spoken, and only two or three persons noticed the clicking, and these did not understand what it meant. Then there are other ways in which conversations may be carried on between telegraphers without a word. In fact, if I am sitting next to an associate in an audience room, I never speak, I simply tap out my message on the hand of my friend. I once sat in a church directly behind a friend, to whom I told a long story by tapping on the back of her shoulder. It is rare fun to have so great an advantage over the outside world, and to be able to tell the most profound secrets in that way without any risk of being overheard."

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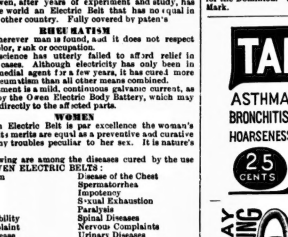

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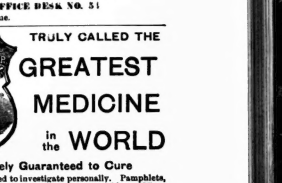

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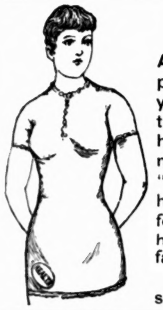

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Two Free Trips to New York City.

For this month only. The *Fireside Weekly* will give two return tickets to New York for the two largest lists received in October. The winners of these extra prizes will of course have equal chances for the Free Trip to California and Florida and return, $200 sealskin sacque, made to order; handsome Shetland pony; silver tea set, worth $60; and many more. These are prizes for the largest list of words made from the letters in "*Fireside Weekly*." The contest is open to everyone sending in with their list $1 for the *Fireside Weekly* for six months. Send five one-cent stamps to 9 Adelaide west, Toronto, for copy and premium supplement.

Misses E. and H. Johnston have now in stock an elegantly fitting corset, manufactured especially for them, and carrying out in its fashioning the correct idea of perfection in fit. All figures can be exactly suited.

Feminine Vivacity.

Time was when a vivacious woman, one who bubbled over with laughter and jollity, was thought quite extraordinarily charming. But, with our advancing culture, it looks as though this type of woman was to be superseded in the most fastidious estimation by a more reserved, a quieter type. Let us make ourselves understood. There is the woman who is quiet because she has nothing to say, and there is the woman who, though she has an abundance to say, is outwardly quiet because she unconsciously illustrates Schopenhauer's dictum that the higher one ascends in the scale of being the more one abhors the making, as well as the listening to, useless noise. We were all of us familiar with the fact (often painfully so) that the half-bred girl is apt to be heard as well as seen. Now there is a most delightful form of vivacity, the vivacity which comes of keen perceptions, of delicate emotional capacity, of nature alive to all direct and indirect appeals. But such vivacity is ever daintily covered o'er by a veil of fine, light reserve. It is always held invisibly in slight check. It is delicately poised and sure of itself. Its self-possession is the fruit of the best that natural refinement, culture, experience, breeding, can do for a woman. It is as far removed from boisterousness as it is from stiffness. It is the golden mean, alas, usually so precious, so difficult of attainment.

"Most women's faces look like monkeys' faces when they laugh," said an old Frenchman. It is very well to talk of the brightness, the blitheness of laughter, just as it is very well to talk of the beauty of a woman's tears. Behind those poetic fictions there lurks the truth that every woman looks like a fright when she cries, and that when they cough immoderately the prettiest women are ugly, too. What beauty is possible when two rows of teeth glitter forth as from the jaws of a cannibal and all the skin of the cheeks creases into circular folds and wrinkles. There are women with broad faces, women with hatchet faces, women with large mouths and poor teeth, ay, and men, too, whose laughter is hideous. Only, we are so used to the fact that it does not strike us.

Medical authorities who have made of the skin a special study, have always averred that it was laughter in nine out of ten cases that caused the greater part of people's wrinkles. Crow's feet come solely from broad laughing. Some facial trick, such as pursing the lips, or raising the eyebrows, or frowning, are the causes of wrinkles, and these are all manifestations of what is usually admired as vivacity. When they pass over the face at times, at intervals, they have the charm of life, of animation; they punctuate, they express winsomely the different moods and movements of the mind. In this wise they have every attraction. But as soon as any one of them becomes habitual, constantly repeated, confirmed, it is a grimace that destroys the harmony and beauty of the human face, ties it up in knots, seams and furrows it before its time. It is a mistake too many young women make to fancy that facial distortion means expression. The stillest faces are often the most expressive—for expression is an inner irradiation of the features only when it is deepest and most lovely or most striking. Not only as much sense of fun and amusement is expressed in a bright smile and low laugh as in an immoderate gust of hilarity that draws the mouth from ear to ear, but more, and—oh, golden moderation—how much more attractive is the outward semblance in the first case.

It is proverbial that a woman is never so pretty as when she is in love. That irradiation of the features from within is never so full and perfect as then. The woman's whole nature is alive and the emotional sensitiveness is mirrored in her face. Her eyes have a softer and more lambent, a more penetrating lustre. Her mouth has curves, her smile has a tender depth they never had before. But what is the peculiarity which gives her the final charm at this time? It is the new reticence that falls over her, the little subdued quietness, the dainty pensiveness which come to the most outspoken, to the most exuberant, to the hardest and noisiest girl at that moment. You will notice that a young girl in love is never boisterous; you will notice that she never laughs from ear to ear. A faint reserve lies over her like delicate hoar frost and even a plain girl in love becomes charming.—*Mercury.*

Some Pertinent Questions.

I took my boy off for a sail on a Sound steamer a short time ago. Here is what he asked me in the course of the day:

"Do they call this a Sound steamer because it makes a noise?"

"Is that water down there any wetter than the water in the Atlantic Ocean?"

"What makes the water wet, anyhow?"

"How many men could be drowned in water deep as that?"

"If a mamma fish couldn't get any worms in the water for the little fish would she go ashore and dig for them?"

"Suppose a whale came along and sat for three days on an oyster so that he couldn't open his shell would it suffocate the oyster?"

"Doesn't the dampness ever give clams malaria?"

"Does it hurt to get drowned?"

"Is that big man with the gold buttons on his coat the papa of all those men who do whatever he tells them to?"

"Who are those men up there in the little house on the roof playing with the bicycle?"

"Where do all those soap-suds behind the boat come from?"

"Could a locomotive go as fast on the water as this boat?"—*Life.*

ROSINA VOKES

SUPPORTED BY

FELIX MORRIS

AND HER

London Comedy Company

AT THE

Grand Opera House

ALL NEXT WEEK

For repertoire see page 2.

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Assisted by Mrs. CLARA BARNES-HOLMES of Buffalo and other first-class professional artists

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Pavilion, Oct. 28 and 29—Two Evenings

One Matinee

Tickets 50c. Reserved seats tickets, evening concerts, $1; matinee, 60c. Plans open at Nordheimers' 20th inst.

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Evening Silks! Black Silks!

GRAND CLEARING SALE

Now that the Ball and Party season is near at hand ladies are no doubt looking about to purchase new Evening Silks. The time to do this is now, and the place is

THE BON MARCHE

Read the Following Bargains:

EVENING SILKS

China Silk	$ .25	worth	$ .35
China Silk (extra wide)	.30	"	.50
Surah Silk	.50	"	.75
Surah Silk	.80	"	1.25
Merveilleux (23 in.)	.50	"	1.00
Merveilleux (extra)	.75	"	1.25
French Failles	1.00	"	1.50
Satin de Lyons	1.00	"	1.50
French Luxor Silk	1.00	"	1.50

The above are all special bargains and the newest pale shades for evening wear

BLACK SILKS

Black Merveilleux	$ .50	worth	$ .75
Black Merveilleux	.65	"	1.00
Black Merveilleux	.75	"	1.25
Black French Gros Grain	.75	"	1.00
Black French Gros Grain	1 00	"	1.50
Black French Luxor	1.00	"	1.50
Black Armure Royal	1.25	"	2.00
Black Satin Duchess (26 in. wide)	1.25	"	2.00

Black Silks and Satins being the correct thing this season, ladies will find the above bargains well worth their attention.

A BONANZA FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON!!!

Evening shades of all-wool Cashmere, 45 inches wide - - - 50c., worth 75c.

Evening shades of Silk Finished Henriettas - - - - - 65c., worth to-day 90c.

NOTE THIS | 3,000 pieces, or 54,000 yards, French All-Silk Ribbons - - - - 30c., 40c., 50c., 75c.

Now reduced to - - - - - - - - - - 15c., 20c., 25c., 37 1-2c.

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Hammond, the well-known Yonge Street Hatter (No. 129), makes his bow to the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT by announcing that the shelves and floors of his store are filled with hundreds of

NEW FALL SILK AND FELT HATS

In every size and style and at a wide range of prices. He has only space to-day to mention the makes:

Christy's Hats, Carrington's Hats, Dunlap's Styles, Woodrow's Hats, McQueen's Hats, Other American Styles

As well as Boys' Hats and Caps in great variety.

HAMMOND, Authority on Hats, 129 Yonge Street

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Have much pleasure in annonncing that their Mr. J. B. Kay has returned from visiting the European markets, and they are now in the closest touch with all the largest and most noted manufacturers (British and foreign) of Carpets and Rugs of every description, and are in a position to show the largest and greatest variety of patterns in the Dominion, and to give the best value that money can purchase.

The would call special attention to a cash purchase of 276 PIECES OF BRUSSELS AND WILTON CARPETS bought at a great bargain: Best Brussels will be sold at $1 and $1.10 cash; best Wiltons at $1.50 and and $1.65 cash. Considering the advanced state of the market these goods are remarkably cheap at the prices.

In connection with the carpets the Foreign Rug Department is a very important one, where purchasers can be supplied from a door mat to a large room with rugs woven in one piece.

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OVER 7,000 YARDS

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A CONVERSAZIONE

Under the patronage of the Lieut.-Governor and Miss Marjorie Campbell will take place at

THE TORONTO ART GALLERY

ON

Thursday Evening, October 30, at 8 p.m.

COMMITTEE—D. E. Cameron, H. K. Cockin, O. A. Howland, Jas. P. Murray, Wm. Revell, Geo. A. Reid, W. A. Sherwood, J. Enoch Thompson.

Tickets—Ladies, 75c.; Gentlemen, $1. May be had of any of the Committee and at the Gallery. Dancing after 10 o'clock. R. F. GAGEN, Secretary.

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Did the work, and produced a crowd of buyers large enough, enthusiastic enough and liberal enough to overwhelm less capable merchants than ourselves, and proved to the people that our great

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Was a genuine Bonanza for the citizens of Toronto. Although our sales have been enormous, we have still about

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Boys' Suits, regular prices $3.50, $4, $4.50, $5, $5.50 and $6,

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WE have had gloomy weather for the past few days. We hope for brighther weather now. A bright cheerful stock needs bright cheerful weather to make it move. Our Overcoat Department has many attractive features for this season. The usual painstaking care in its selection and yet aiming to keep prices down to meet the purses of the masses has been our rule and practice. Come to-night and look our stock over.

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Births.

BARWICK—At Barrie, on October 10, Mrs. Richard L. Barwick—a daughter.
DE GRUCHY—At Toronto, on October 10, Mrs. John de Gruchy—a son.
GRANT—At Ottawa, on October 11, Mrs. J. A. Grant—a daughter
HUNTER—At Toronto, on October 12, Mrs. W. A. Hunter—a son.
STIRLING—At Kingston, on October 8, Mrs. C. J. R. Stirling—a daughter.
SMELLIE—At Port Arthur, on September 28, Mrs. T. S. T. Smellie—a son.
GRAHAM—At Toronto, on September 29, Mrs. W. D. Graham—a daughter.
CHESTNUT—At Toronto, on October 7, Mrs. A. E. Chestnut—a daughter.
ARLIDGE—At Humber Bay, on October 13, Mrs. J. Churchill Arlidge—a son.
COPPING—At Toronto, on October 5, Mrs. George R. Copping—a son.
KNIGHT—At Toronto, on October 12, Mrs. George Knight, jr—a daughter.
FORTIER—At Toronto, on October 5, Mrs. H. C. Fortier—a daughter.

Marriages.

CAMPBELL—PARKER—At Barrie, on October 15, by the father of the bride, assisted by Rev. T. W. Campbell, George C. Campbell, barrister-at-law, Toronto, to Florence, only daughter of Rev. Dr. Parker.
RUNHAM—CARTER—At Toronto, on October 8, William D Runham to Fanny E. Carter.
NEEDHAM—GANT—At Orillia, on October 8, Janet Grant to Rev. George Needham of Egmondville, Ont.
BURKHOLDER—MacMANNIE—At Port Hope, on October 5, Frank Burkholder of Toronto, to Sara Bonheur MacMannie.
BUSH—BRENT—At Toronto, on October 7, William J. Bush to Ada C. Brent.
RUTHERFORD—MAXWELL—At Morrisburg, on October 15, D. B. Rutherford, M.D., of Belleville, to Isabel Maxwell.
SHANKLIN—STARLING—At Belleville, October 8, Ernest Shanklin to Hattie Starling.
FISHER—BLACK—At Montreal, on October 9, John P. Black to Evelyn Fisher.
GOOLD—COOKE—At Mount Pleasant Ridge, on October 8, Algernon H. W. Goold to Mary E. Cooke.
GREGORY—PATTULLO—At Toronto, on October 15, Walter Dymond Gregory to Mary Frances Pattullo.
RICHARDSON—SCOTT—At Toronto, on October 15, C. DeWayne Richardson to Annie C. Scott.

Deaths.

BEATTIE—At Toronto, on October 11, Mrs. Margaret W. Beattie.
HOBBS—At Toronto, on October 10, James Hobbs, aged 65 years.
O'BRIEN—At Toronto, on October 12, John J. O'Brien, aged 22 years.
STRICKLAND—At Toronto, on October 12, Mrs. Walter R. Strickland.
TURNER—At Toronto, on October 12, Wm. J. Turner, aged 80 years
WARK—At Toronto, on October 14, Mrs. Thomas Wark, aged 49 years.
CAMPBELL—At Toronto, on October 13, John George Campbell, aged 31 years.
PROCTOR—At Sarnia, on October 13, Edward Moore Proctor.
THOMPSON—At Lynden, on October 13, Robert Thompson, aged 68 years.
BALDWIN—At Toronto, on October 7, infant son of Sidney D. and Mary Baldwin, aged 7 months.
DUDGEON—At Toronto, on October 13, infant son of Joseph and Ellen Dudgeon, aged one year.
DYMOND—At Paris, Ont., on October 13, Alfred Henderson Dymond, aged 27 years.
HOLTON—At Drew Brick Works, Minto, October 17, James Holton, aged 71 years.
McCALLUM—At the Toronto General Hospital, on October 11, William McCallum.
KNIGHT—At Toronto, on October 12, Mrs. Thomas Knight, aged 36 years.
SOULES—At Toronto, on October 16, Minnie L. Soules, aged 16 years

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French Wool Brocades, 42 inches wide, at 35c.

Scotch Wool Tartans, 54 inches wide, at 65c., $1, $1.25 and $1.65 per yard.

Camels Hair Checks, Rough Effects, All-Wool Scotch Homespuns and English Storm Serges in every new shades, at 50c., 65c. and 75c. per yard, all double-width goods.

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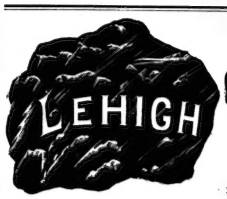

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